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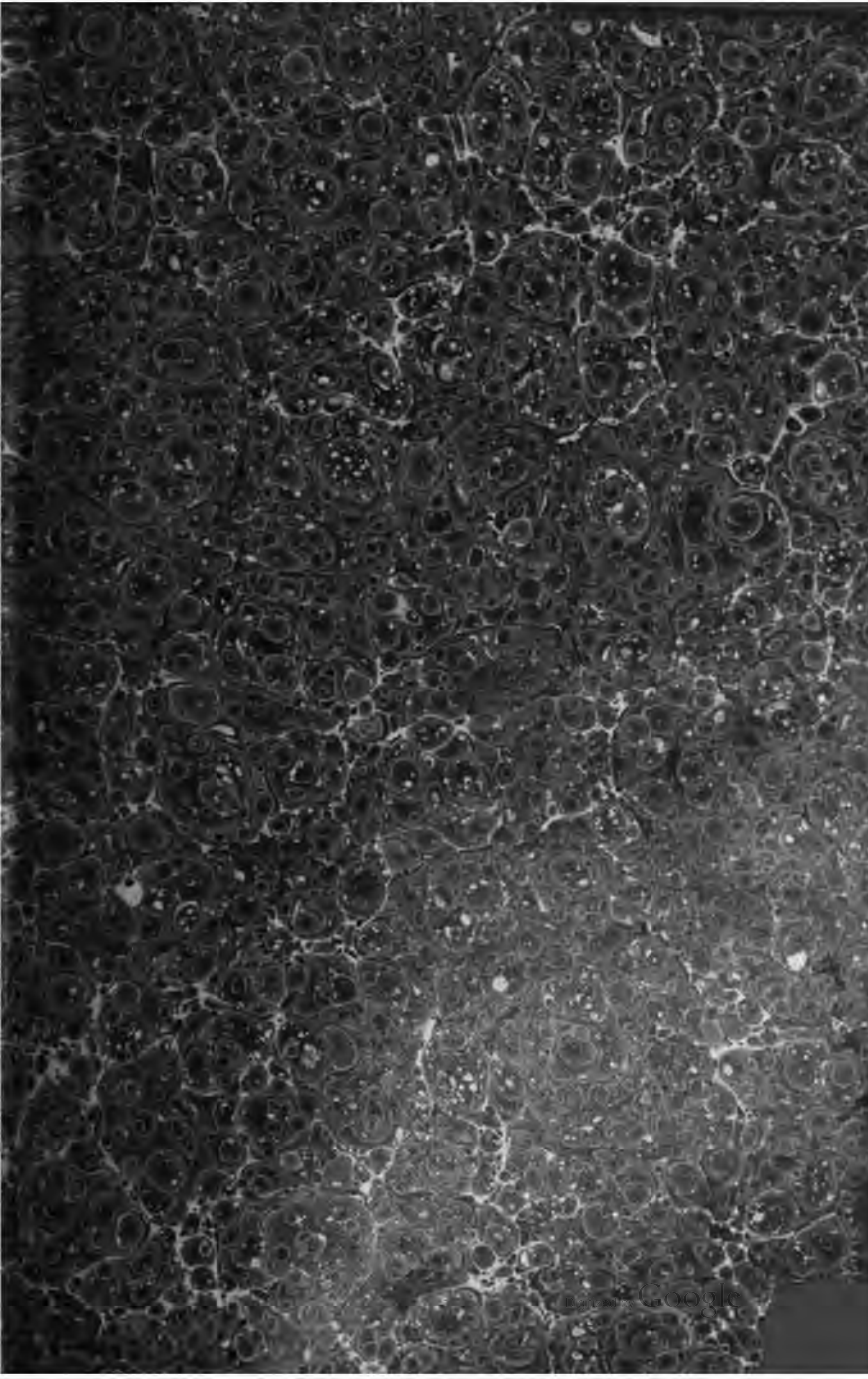
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J A P H E T,
IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“ PETER SIMPLE,” “JACOB FAITHFUL,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

We fund our winnings, and consider to refund, a work of supererogation — In looking after my father, I obey the old adage, "Follow your nose."

As soon as we were in the street, I commenced an inquiry as to the major's motives. "Not one word, my dear fellow, until we are at home," replied he. As soon as we arrived, he threw himself in a chair, and crossing his legs, commenced: "You observe, Newland, that I

am very careful that you should do nothing to injure your character. As for my own, all the honesty in the world will not redeem it; nothing but a peerage will ever set me right again in this world, and a coronet will cover a multitude of sins. I have thought it my duty to add something to our finances, and intend to add very considerably to them before we leave Cheltenham. You have won one hundred and twenty-eight pounds."

"Yes," replied I; "but you have lost it."

"Granted; but, as in most cases, I never mean *to pay* my losses, you see that it must be a winning speculation as long as we play against each other."

"I perceive," replied I; "but am not I a confederate?"

"No; you paid when you lost, and took your money when you won. Leave me to settle my own debts of honour."

"But you will meet him again to-morrow night."

"Yes, and I will tell you why. I never thought it possible that we could have met two such bad players at the club. We must now play against them, and we must win in the long run: by which means I shall pay off the debt I owe him, and you will win and pocket money."

"Ah," replied I, "if you mean to allow him a chance for his money, I have no objection—that will be all fair."

"Depend upon it, Newland, when I know that people play as badly as they do, I will not refuse them; but when we sit down with others, it must be as it was before—we must play against each other, and I shall *owe* the money. I told the fellow that I never would pay him."

"Yes; but he thought you were only joking."

"That is his fault—I was in earnest. I could not have managed this had it not been that you are known to be a young man of ten

thousand pounds per annum, and supposed to be my dupe. I tell you so candidly ; and now good night."

I turned the affair over in my mind as I undressed—it was not honest—but I paid when I lost, and I only took the money when I won,—still I did not like it ; but the bank notes caught my eye as they lay on the table, and—I was satisfied. Alas ! how easy are scruples removed when we want money ! How many are there who, when in a state of prosperity and affluence, when not tried by temptation, would have blushed at the bare idea of a dishonest action, have raised and held up their hands in abhorrence, when they have heard that others have been found guilty ; and yet, when in adversity, have themselves committed the very acts which before they so loudly condemned ! How many of the other sex, who have expressed their indignation and contempt at those who have fallen, when tempted, have fallen themselves ! Let us therefore be

charitable ; none of us can tell to what we may be reduced by circumstances ; and when we acknowledge that the error is great, let us feel sorrow and pity rather than indignation, and pray that we also may not be “ *led into temptation.*”

As agreed upon, the next evening we repaired to the club, and found the two gentlemen ready to receive us. This time the major refused to play unless it was with me, as I had such good fortune, and no difficulty was made by our opponents. We sat down and played till four o'clock in the morning. At first, notwithstanding our good play, fortune favoured our adversaries ; but the luck soon changed, and the result of the evening was, that the major had a balance in his favour of forty pounds, and I rose a winner of one hundred and seventy-one pounds, so that in two nights we had won three hundred and forty-two pounds. For nearly three weeks this continued, the major not paying when not convenient, and

we quitted Cheltenham with about eight hundred pounds in our pockets; the major having paid about one hundred and twenty pounds to different people who frequented the club; but they were Irishmen, who were not to be trifled with. I proposed to the major that we should pay those debts, as there still would be a large surplus: he replied, "Give me the money." I did so. "Now," continued he, "so far your scruples are removed, as you will have been strictly honest; but, my dear fellow, if you know how many debts of this sort are due to me, of which I never did touch one farthing, you would feel as I do—that it is excessively foolish to *part with money*. I have them all booked here, and may some day pay——when convenient; but, at present, most decidedly it is not so." The major put the notes into his pocket, and the conversation was dropped.

The next morning we had ordered our horses, when Timothy came up to me, and made a sign, as we were at breakfast, for me to come out. I followed him.

“ Oh ! sir, I could not help telling you, but there is a gentleman with——”

“ With what ?” replied I, hastily.

“ With your *nose*, sir, exactly—and in other respects very like you—just about the age your father should be.”

“ Where is he, Timothy ?” replied, I, all my feelings in ‘ search of my father,’ rushing into my mind.

“ Down below, sir, about to set off in a post-chaise and four, now waiting at the door.”

I ran down with my breakfast napkin in my hand, and hastened to the portico of the hotel—he was in his carriage, and the porter was then shutting the door. I looked at him. He was, as Timothy said, *very like* me indeed, the *nose* exact. I was breathless, and I continued to gaze.

“ All right,” cried the ostler.

“ I beg your pardon, sir,——,” said I, addressing the gentleman in the carriage, who perceiving a napkin in my hand, probably took

me for one of the waiters, for he replied very abruptly, ' I have remembered you ;' and pulling up the glass, away whirled the chariot, the nave of the hind wheel striking me a blow on the thigh which numbed it so, that it was with difficulty I could limp up to our apartments, when I threw myself on the sofa in a state of madness and despair.

" Good heavens, Newland, what is the matter?" cried the major.

" Matter," replied I, faintly. " I have seen my father."

" Your father, Newland? you must be mad. He was dead before you could recollect him—at least so you told me. How then, even if it were his ghost, could you have recognized him?"

The major's remarks reminded me of the imprudence I had been guilty of.

" Major," replied I, " I believe I am very absurd; but he was so like me, and I have so often longed after my father, so long wished to

see him face to face—that—that—I'm a great fool, that's the fact."

"You must go to the next world, my good fellow, to meet him face to face, that's clear; and I presume, upon a little consideration, you will feel inclined to postpone your journey. Very often in your sleep I have heard you talk about your father, and wondered why you should think so much about him."

"I cannot help it," replied I. "From my earliest days my father has ever been in my thoughts."

"I can only say, that very few sons are half so dutiful to their fathers' memories—but finish your breakfast, and then we start for London."

I complied with his request as well as I could, and we were soon on our road. I fell into a reverie—my object was to again find out this person, and I quietly directed Timothy to ascertain from the post-boys the directions he gave at the last stage. The major perceiv-

ing me not inclined to talk, made but few observations ; one, however, struck me. " Winderwear," said he, " I recollect one day, when I was praising you, said carelessly, ' that you were a fine young man, but a *little tête montée* upon one point.' I see now it must have been upon this." I made no reply, but it certainly was a strange circumstance that the major never had any suspicions on this point—yet he certainly never had. We had once or twice talked over my affairs. I had led him to suppose that my father and mother died in my infancy, and that I should have had a large fortune when I came of age ; but this had been entirely by indirect replies, not by positive assertions ; the fact was, that the major, who was an adept in all deceit, never had an idea that he could have been deceived by one so young, so prepossessing, and apparently so ingenuous as myself. He had, in fact, deceived himself. His ideas of my fortune arose entirely from my asking him, whether he would have refused the name of

Japhet for ten thousand pounds per annum. Lord Windermear, after having introduced me, did not consider it at all necessary to acquaint the major with my real history, as it was imparted to him in confidence. He allowed matters to take their course, and me to work my own way in the world. Thus do the most cunning overreach themselves, and with their eyes open to any deceit on the part of others, prove quite blind when they deceive themselves.

Timothy could not obtain any intelligence from the people of the inn at the last stage, except that the chariot had proceeded to London. We arrived late at night, and, much exhausted, I was glad to go to bed.

CHAPTER II.

In following my nose, I narrowly escaped being *nosed* by a Beak.

AND as I lay in my bed, thinking that I was now nearly twenty years old, and had not yet made any discovery, my heart sank within me. My monomania returned with redoubled force, and I resolved to renew my search with vigour. So I told Timothy the next morning, when he came into my room, but from him I received little consolation; he advised me to look out for a good match in a rich wife, and leave time to develope the mystery of my birth; pointing out the little chance I ever had of success.

Town was not full, the season had hardly commenced, and we had few invitations or visits to

distract my thoughts from their object. My leg became so painful, that for a week I was on the sofa, Timothy every day going out to ascertain if he could find the person whom we had seen resembling me, and every evening returning without success, I became melancholy and nervous. Carbonnell could not imagine what was the matter with me. At last I was able to walk, and I sallied forth, perambulating, or rather running through street after street, looking into every carriage, so as to occasion surprise to the occupants, who believed me mad ; my dress and person were disordered, for I had become indifferent to it, and Timothy himself believed that I was going out of my senses.

At last, after we had been in town about five weeks, I saw the very object of my search, seated in a carriage, of a dark brown colour, arms painted in shades, so as not to be distinguishable but at a near approach ; his hat was off, and he sat upright and formally.

“That is he!” ejaculated I, and away I ran after the carriage. “It is the nose,” cried I, as I ran down the street, knocking every one to the right and left. I lost my hat, but fearful of losing sight of the carriage, I hastened on, when I heard a cry of “Stop him, stop him!” “Stop him,” cried I, also, referring to the gentleman in black in the carriage.

“That won’t do,” cried a man, seizing me by the collar; “I know a trick worth two of that.”

“Let me go,” roared I, struggling; but he only held me the faster. I tussled with the man until my coat and shirt were torn, but in vain; the crowd now assembled, and I was fast. The fact was, that a pick-pocket had been exercising his vocation at the time that I was running past, and from my haste, and loss of my hat, I was supposed to be the criminal. The police took charge of me—I pleaded innocence in vain, and I was dragged before the magistrate, at Marlborough Street. My ap-

pearance, the disorder of my dress, my coat and shirt in ribbons, with no hat, were certainly not at all in my favour, when I made my appearance, led in by two Bow Street officers.

“ Whom have we here?” inquired the magistrate.

“ A pickpocket, sir,” replied they.

“ Ah! one of the swell mob,” replied he.

“ Are there any witnesses?”

“ Yes, sir,” replied a young man, coming forward. “ I was walking up Bond Street, when I felt a tug at my pocket, and when I turned round, this chap was running away.”

“ Can you swear to his person?”

There were plenty to swear that I was the person who ran away.

“ Now, sir, have you any thing to offer in your defence?” said the magistrate.

“ Yes, sir,” replied I; “ I certainly was running down the street; and it may be, for all I know or care, that this person’s pocket may have been picked—but I did not pick it. I am a gentleman.”

"All your fraternity lay claim to gentility," replied the magistrate; "perhaps you will state why you were running down the street."

"I was running after a carriage, sir, that I might speak to the person inside of it."

"Pray who was the person inside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Why should you run after a person you do not know?"

"It was because of his *nose*."

"His *nose*?" replied the magistrate angrily. "Do you think to trifle with me, sir? You shall now follow your own nose to prison. Make out his committal."

"As you please, sir," replied I; "but still I have told you the truth; if you will allow any one to take a note, I will soon prove my respectability. I ask it in common justice."

"Be it so," replied the magistrate; "let him sit down within the bar till the answer comes."

In less than an hour, my note to Major Car-

bonnell was answered by his appearance in person, followed by Timothy. Carbonnell walked up to the magistrate, while Timothy asked the officers in an angry tone, what they had been doing to his *master*. This rather startled them, but both they and the magistrate were much surprised when the major asserted that I was his most particular friend, Mr. Newland, who possessed ten thousand pounds per annum, and who was as well known in fashionable society, as any young man of fortune about town. The magistrate explained what had passed, and asked the major if I was not a little deranged; but the major, who perceived what was the cause of my strange behaviour, told him that somebody had insulted me, and that I was very anxious to lay hold of the person, who had avoided me, and who must have been in that carriage.

“I am afraid, that after your explanation, Major Carbonnell, I must, as a magistrate, bind over your friend, Mr. Newland, to keep the peace.”

To this I consented, the major and Timothy being taken as recognizances, and then I was permitted to depart. The major sent for a hackney coach, and when we were going home he pointed out to me the folly of my conduct, and received my promise to be more careful for the future. Thus did this affair end, and for a short time I was more careful in my appearance, and not so very anxious to look into carriages; still, however, the idea haunted me, and I was often very melancholy. It was about a month afterwards, that I was sauntering with the major, who now considered me to be insane upon that point, and who would seldom allow me to go out without him, when I again perceived the same carriage, with the gentleman inside as before.

“ There he is, major,” cried I.

“ There is who?” replied he.

“ The man so like my father.”

“ What, in that carriage? that is the Bishop of E——, my good fellow. What a strange

idea you have in your head, Newland ; it almost amounts to madness. Do not be staring in that way—come along.”

Still my head was turned quite round, looking at the carriage after it had passed, till it was out of sight ; but I knew who the party was, and for the time I was satisfied, as I determined to find out his address, and call upon him. I narrated to Timothy what had occurred, and referring to the Red Book, I looked out the bishop's town address, and the next day, after breakfast, having arranged my toilet with the utmost precision, I made an excuse to the major, and set off to Portland Place.

CHAPTER III.

A Chapter of Mistakes—No benefit of Clergy—I attack a Bishop, and am beaten off—The Major hedges upon the filly stakes.

My hand trembled as I knocked at the door. It was opened. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of an audience with his lordship. After waiting a few minutes in an ante-room, I was ushered in. "My lord," said I, in a flurried manner, "will you allow me to have a few minutes' conversation with you alone?"

"This gentleman is my secretary, sir, but if you wish it, certainly, for although he is my confidant, I have no right to insist that he shall be yours. Mr. Temple, will you oblige me by going up stairs for a little while."

The secretary quitted the room, the bishop pointed to a chair, and I sat down. I looked him earnestly in the face – the nose was exact, and I imagined that even in the other features I could distinguish a resemblance. I was satisfied that I had at last gained the object of my search. “I believe, sir,” observed I, “that you will acknowledge, that in the heat and impetuosity of youth, we often rush into hasty and improvident connexions.”

I paused, with my eyes fixed upon his. “Very true, my young sir; and when we do we are ashamed, and repent of them afterwards,” replied the bishop, rather astonished.

“I grant that, sir,” replied I; “but at the same time, we must feel that we must abide by the results, however unpleasant.”

“When we do wrong, Mr. Newland,” replied the bishop, first looking at my card, and then upon me, “we find that we are not only to be punished in the next world, but suffer for it also in this. I trust you have no reason for such suffering?”

“Unfortunately, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and, in that view, I may say that I have suffered.”

“My dear sir,” replied the bishop, “I trust you will excuse me, when I say, that my time is rather valuable; if you have any thing of importance to communicate—any thing upon which you would ask my advice—for assistance you do not appear to require, do me the favour to proceed at once to the point.”

“I will, sir, be as concise as the matter will admit of. Allow me, then, to ask you a few questions, and I trust to your honour, and the dignity of your profession, for a candid answer. Did you not marry a young woman early in life? and were you not very much pressed in your circumstances?”

The bishop stared. “Really, Mr. Newland, it is a strange question, and I cannot imagine to what it may lead, but still I will answer it. I did marry early in life, and I was, at that time, not in very affluent circumstances.”

“ You had a child by that marriage—your eldest born—a boy !”

“ That is also true, Mr. Newland,” replied the bishop, gravely.

“ How long is it since you have seen him ?”

“ It is many years,” replied the bishop, putting his handkerchief up to his eyes.

“ Answer me, now, sir ;—did you not desert him ?”

“ No, no !” replied the bishop. “ It is strange that you should appear to know so much about the matter, Mr. Newland, as you could have hardly been born. I was poor then—very poor ; but although I could ill afford it, he had fifty pounds from me.”

“ But, sir,” replied I, much agitated ; “ why have you not reclaimed him ?”

“ I would have reclaimed him, Mr. Newland—but what could I do—he was not to be reclaimed ; and now—he is lost for ever.”

“ Surely, sir, in your present affluence, you must wish to see him again ?”

"He died, and I trust he has gone to heaven," replied the bishop, covering up his face.

"No, sir," replied I, throwing myself on my knees before him, "he did not die, here he is at your feet, to ask your blessing."

The bishop sprang from his chair. "What does this mean, sir?" said he, with astonishment. "You my son!"

"Yes, reverend father — your son; who, with fifty pounds you left ——"

"On the top of the Portsmouth coach!"

"No, sir, in the *basket*."

"My son! sir,—impossible; he died in the hospital."

"No, sir, he has come out of the *hospital*," replied I; "and as you perceive, safe and well."

"Either, sir, this must be some strange mistake, or you must be trifling with me," replied his lordship; "for, sir, I was at his death-bed, and followed him to his grave."

“Are you sure of that, sir?” replied I, starting up with amazement.

“I wish that I was not, sir—for I am now childless; but pray, sir, who, and what are you, who know so much of my former life, and who would have thus imposed upon me?”

“Imposed upon you, sir!” replied I, perceiving that I was in error. “Alas! I would do no such thing. Who am I? I am a young man who is in search of his father. Your face, and especially your nose, so resembled mine, that I made sure that I had succeeded. Pity me, sir—pity me,” continued I, covering up my face with my hands.

The bishop, perceiving that there was little of the impostor in my appearance, and that I was much affected, allowed a short time for me to recover myself, and then entered into an explanation. When a curate, he had had an only son, very wild, who would go to sea in spite of his remonstrances. He saw him depart by the Portsmouth coach, and gave him the sum men-

tioned. His son received a mortal wound in action, and was sent to the Plymouth hospital, where he died. I then entered into my explanation in a few concise sentences, and with a heart beating with disappointment, took my leave. The bishop shook hands with me as I quitted the room, and wished me better success at my next application.

I went home almost in despair. Timothy consoled me as well as he could, and advised me to go as much as possible into society, as the most likely chance of obtaining my wish, not that he considered there was any chance, but he thought that amusement would restore me to my usual spirits. "I will go and visit little Fleta," replied I, "for a few days; the sight of her will do me more good than any thing else." And the next day I set off for the town of —, where I found the dear little girl, much grown, and much improved. I remained with her for a week, walking with her in the country, amusing her, and amused myself with

our conversation. At the close of the week I bade her farewell, and returned to the major's lodgings.

I was astonished to find him in deep mourning. "My dear Carbonnell," said I, inquiringly, "I hope no severe loss?"

"Nay, my dear Newland, I should be a hypocrite if I said so; for there never was a more merry mourner, and that's the truth of it. Mr. M——, who, you know, stood between me and the peerage, has been drowned in the Rhone; I now have a squeak for it. His wife has one daughter, and is *enceinte*. Should the child prove a boy, I am done for, but if a girl, I must then come in to the barony, and fifteen thousand pounds per annum. However, I've hedged pretty handsomely."

"How do you mean?"

"Why they say that when a woman commences with girls, she generally goes on, and the odds are two to one that Mrs. M—— has a girl. I have taken the odds at the clubs to

the amount of fifteen thousand pounds; so if it be a girl I shall have to pay that out of my fifteen thousand pounds per annum, as soon as I fall into it; if it be a boy, and I am floored, I shall pocket thirty thousand pounds by way of consolation for the disappointment. They are all good men."

"Yes, but they know you never pay."

"They know I never do now, because I have no money; but they know I will pay if I come into the estate; and so I will, most honourably, besides a few more thousands that I have in my book."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart, major. How old is the present Lord B——?"

"I have just been examining the peerage—he is sixty-two; but he is very fresh and hearty, and may live a long while yet. By-the-by, Newland, I committed a great error last night at the club. I played pretty high, and lost a great deal of money."

"That is unfortunate."

“ That was not the error ; I actually paid all my losings, Newland, and it has reduced the stock amazingly. I lost seven hundred and fifty pounds. I know I ought not to have paid away your money, but the fact was, as I was hedging, it would not do not to have paid, as I could not have made up my book as I wished. It is, however, only waiting a few weeks, till Mrs. M—— decides my fate, and then, either one way or the other, I shall have money enough. If your people won’t give you any more till you are of age, why we must send to a little friend of mine, that’s all, and you shall borrow for both of us.”

“ Borrow !” replied I, not much liking the idea ; “ they will never lend me money.”

“ Won’t they ?” replied the major ; “ no fear of that. Your signature, and my introduction, will be quite sufficient.”

“ We had better try to do without it, major ; I do not much like it.”

“ Well, if we can, we will ; but I have not

fifty pounds left in my desk; how much have you?"

"About twenty," replied I, in despair at this intelligence; "but I think there is a small sum left at the banker's; I will go and see." I took up my hat and set off, to ascertain what funds we might have in store.

CHAPTER IV.

I am over head and ears in trouble about a lady's ear-rings; commit myself sadly, and am very nearly committed.

I MUST say, that I was much annoyed at this intelligence. The money-lenders would not be satisfied unless they knew where my estates were, and had examined the will at Doctors' Commons; then all would be exposed to the major, and I should be considered by him as an impostor. I walked down Pall Mall in a very unhappy mood, so deep in thought, that I ran against a lady, who was stepping out of her carriage at a fashionable shop. She turned

round, and I was making my best apologies to a very handsome woman when her ear-rings caught my attention. They were of alternate coral and gold, and the fac-simile in make to the chain given by Nattée to Fleta. During my last visit, I had often had the chain in my hand, and particularly marked the workmanship. To make more sure, I followed into the shop, and stood behind her, carefully examining them, as she looked over a quantity of laces. There could be no doubt. I waited till the lady rose to go away, and then addressed the shopman, asking the lady's name. He did not know—she was a stranger; but perhaps Mr. H——, the master, did, and he went back to answer the question. Mr. H—— being at that moment busy, the man stayed so long, that I heard the carriage drive off. Fearful of losing sight of the lady, I took to my heels, and ran out of the shop. My sudden flight from the counter, covered with lace, made them imagine that I had stolen some, and they cried out, “Stop thief,” as loud

as they could, springing over the counter, and pursuing me as I pursued the carriage, which was driven at a rapid pace.

A man perceiving me running, and others, without their hats, following, with the cries of "Stop thief," put out his leg, and I fell on the pavement, the blood rushing in torrents from my nose. I was seized, roughly handled, and again handed over to the police, who carried me before the same magistrate in Marlborough Street.

"What is this?" demanded the magistrate.

"A shoplifter, your worship."

"I am not, sir," replied I; "you know me well enough, I am Mr. Newland."

"Mr. Newland!" replied the magistrate, suspiciously; "this is strange, a second time to appear before me upon such a charge."

"And just as innocent as before, sir."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I must have my suspicions this time. Where is the evidence?"

The people of the shop then came forward,

and stated what had occurred. "Let him be searched," said the magistrate.

I was searched, but nothing was found upon me. "Are you satisfied now, sir?" inquired I.

"By no means. Let the people go back and look over their laces, and see if any are missing; in the mean time I shall detain you, for it is very easy to get rid of a small article, such as lace, when you are caught."

The men went away, and I wrote a note to Major Carbonnell, requesting his attendance. He arrived at the same time as the shopman, and I told him what had happened. The shopman declared that the stock was not correct; as far as they could judge, there were two pieces of lace missing.

"If so, I did not take them," replied I.

"Upon my honour, Mr. B——," said the major, to the magistrate, "it is very hard for a gentleman to be treated in this manner. This is the second time that I have been sent for to vouch for his respectability."

"Very true, sir," replied the magistrate ;
"but allow me to ask Mr. Newland, as he calls himself, what induced him to follow a lady into the shop ?"

"Her ear-rings," replied I.

"Her ear-rings ! why, sir, the last time you were brought before me, you said it was after a gentleman's nose—now it appears you were attracted by a lady's ears ; and pray, sir, what induced you to run out of the shop ?"

"Because I wanted particularly to inquire about her ear-rings, sir."

"I cannot understand these paltry excuses ; there are, it appears, two pieces of lace missing. I must remand you for further examination, sir ; and you also, sir," said the magistrate, to Major Carbonnell ; "for if he is a swindler, you must be an accomplice."

"Sir," replied Major Carbonnell, sneeringly, "you are certainly a very good judge of a gentleman, when you happen by accident to be in his company. With your leave, I will send a note to another confederate."

The major then wrote a note to Lord Windermear, which he despatched by Timothy, who, hearing I was in trouble, had accompanied the major. And while he was away, the major and I sat down, he giving himself all manner of airs, much to the annoyance of the magistrate, who at last threatened to commit him immediately. "You'll repent this," replied the major, who perceived Lord Windermear coming in.

"You shall repent it, sir, by God," cried the magistrate, in a great passion.

"Put five shillings in the box for swearing, Mr. B——. You fine other people," said the major. "Here is my other confederate, Lord Windermear."

"Carbonnell," said Lord Windermear, "what is all this?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that our friend Newland is taken up for shoplifting, because he thought proper to run after a pretty woman's carriage; and I am accused by his worship of being his confederate. I could forgive his sus-

pitions of Mr. Newland in that plight ; but as for his taking me for one of the swell mob, it proves a great deficiency of judgment ; perhaps he will commit your lordship also, as he may not be aware that your lordship's person is above caption."

"I can assure you, sir," said Lord Windermear, proudly, "that this is my relative, Major Carbonnell, and the other is my friend, Mr. Newland. I will bail them for any sum you please."

The magistrate felt astonished and annoyed, for, after all, he had only done his duty. Before he could reply, a man came from the shop to say that the laces had been found all right. Lord Windermear then took me aside, and I narrated what had happened. He recollected the story of Fleta in my narrative of my life, and felt that I was right in trying to find out who the lady was. The magistrate now apologized for the detention, but explained to his lordship how I had before made my appearance

upon another charge, and with a low bow we were dismissed.

“My dear Mr. Newland,” said his lordship, “I trust that this will be a warning to you, not to run after other people’s noses and ear-rings; at the same time, I will certainly keep a look out for those very ear-rings myself. Major, I wish you a good morning.”

His lordship then shook us both by the hand, and saying that he should be glad to see more of me than he latterly had done, stepped into his carriage and drove off.

“What the devil did his lordship mean about ear-rings, Newland?” inquired the major.

“I told him that I was examining the lady’s ear-rings, as very remarkable,” replied I.

“You appear to be able to deceive every body but me, my good fellow. I know that you were examining the lady herself.” I left the major in his error, by making no reply.

CHAPTER V.

I borrow money upon my estate, and upon very favourable terms.

WHEN I came down to breakfast the next morning, the major said, " My dear Newland, I have taken the liberty of requesting a very old friend of mine to come and meet you this morning. I will not disguise from you that it is Emmanuel, the money-lender. Money you must have until my affairs are decided, one way or the other; and, in this instance, I will most faithfully repay the sum borrowed, as soon as I receive the amount of my bets, or am certain

of succeeding to the title, which is one and the same thing."

I bit my lips, for I was not a little annoyed ; but what could be done ? I must have either confessed my real situation to the major, or have appeared to raise scruples, which, as the supposed heir to a large fortune, would have appeared to him to be very frivolous. I thought it better to let the affair take its chance. "Well," replied I, "if it must be, it must be : but it shall be on my own terms."

"Nay," observed the major, "there is no fear but that he will consent, and without any trouble."

After a moment's reflection I went up stairs and rang for Timothy. "Tim," said I, "hear me ; I now make you a solemn promise, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will never borrow money upon interest, and until you release me from it, I shall adhere to my word."

"Very well, sir," replied Timothy ; "I guess

your reason for so doing, and I expect you will keep your word. Is that all?"

"Yes; now you may take up the urn."

We had finished our breakfast, when Timothy announced Mr. Emmanuel, who followed him into the room. "Well, old cent per cent, how are you?" said the major. "Allow me to introduce my most particular friend, Mr. Newland."

"Auh! Master Major," replied the descendant of Abraham, a little puny creature, bent double with infirmity, and carrying one hand behind his back, as if to counterbalance the projection of his head and shoulders. "You vash please to call me shent per shent. I wish I vash able to make de monies pay that. Mr. Newland, can I be of any little shervice to you?"

"Sit down, sit down, Emmanuel. You have my warrant for Mr. Newland's respectability, and the sooner we get over the business the better."

“ Auh, Mr. Major, it ish true, you was recommend many good—no, not always good—customers to me, and I was very much obliged. Vat can I do for your handsome young friend ? De young gentlemen always vant money ; and it is de youth which is de time for de pleasure and enjoyment.”

“ He wants a thousand pounds, Emmanuel.”

“ Dat is a large sum—one thousand pounds ! he does not vant any more ?”

“ No,” replied I, “ that will be sufficeient.”

“ Vel, den, I have de monish in my pocket. I will just beg de young gentleman to sign a little memorandum, dat I may von day receive my monish.”

“ But what is that to be ?” interrupted I.

“ It will be to promise to pay me my monish and only fifteen per shent, when you come into your own.”

“ That will not do,” replied I ; “ I have pledged my solemn word of honour, that I will not borrow money on interest.”

“ And you have given de pledge, but you did not swear upon de book?”

“ No, but my word has been given, and that is enough ; if I would forfeit my word with those to whom I have given it, I would also forfeit my word with you. My keeping my promise, ought to be a pledge to you that I will keep my promise to you.”

“ Dat is vell said—very vell said ; but den we must manage some oder way. Suppose—let me shée—how old are you, my young sir?”

“ Past twenty.”

“ Auh, dat is a very pleasant age, dat twen y. Vell, den, you shall shign a leetle bit of paper, that you pay me £2,000 ven you come into your properties, on condition dat I pay now one tousand. Dat is very fair—ish it not, Mr. Major?”

“ Rather too hard, Emmanuel.”

“ But de rishque—de rishque, Mr. Major.”

“ I will not agree to those terms,” replied I ;

“you must take your money away, Mr. Emmanuel.”

“Vell, den—vat vill you pay me?”

“I will sign an agreement to pay you £1,500 for the thousand, if you please; if that will not suit you, I will try elsewhere.”

“Dat is very bad bargain. How old, you shay?”

“Twenty.”

“Vell, I shuppose I must oblige you, and my very goot friend, de major.”

Mr. Emmanuel drew out his spectacles, pen, and inkhorn, filled up a bond, and handed it to me to sign. I read it carefully over, and signed it; he then paid down the money, and took his leave.

It may appear strange to the reader that the money was obtained so easily, but he must remember that the major was considered a person who universally attached himself to young men of large fortune; he had already been the means of throwing many profitable

speculations into the hands of Emmanuel, and the latter put implicit confidence in him. The money-lenders also are always on the look out for young men with large fortunes, and have their names registered. Emmanuel had long expected me to come to him, and although it was his intention to have examined more particularly, and not to have had the money prepared, yet my refusal to sign the bond, bearing interest, and my disputing the terms of the second proposal, blinded him completely, and put him off his usual guard.

“Upon my word, Newland, you obtained better terms than I could have expected from the old Hunks.”

“Much better than I expected also, major,” replied I; “but now, how much of the money would you like to have?”

“My dear fellow, this is very handsome of you; but, I thank Heaven, I shall be soon able to repay it; but what pleases me, Newland, is your perfect confidence in one, whom the rest of

the world would not trust with a shilling. I will accept your offer as freely as it is made, and take £500, just to make a show for the few weeks that I am in suspense, and then you will find, that with all my faults, I am not deficient in gratitude." I divided the money with the major, and he shortly afterwards went out.

"Well, sir," said Timothy, entering, full of curiosity, "what have you done?"

"I have borrowed a thousand to pay fifteen hundred when I come into my property."

"You are safe then. Excellent, and the Jew will be bit."

"No, Timothy, I intend to repay it as soon as I can."

"I should like to know when that will be."

"So should I, Tim, for it must depend upon my finding out my parentage." Heigho, thought I, when shall I ever find out who is my father?

CHAPTER VI.

The major is very fortunate and very unfortunate—He receives a large sum in gold and one ounce of lead.

I DRESSED and went out, met Harcourt, dined with him, and on my return the major had not come home. It was then past midnight, and feeling little inclination to sleep, I remained in the drawing-room, waiting for his arrival. About three o'clock he came in, flushed in the face, and apparently in high good humour.

“Newland,” said he, throwing his pocket-book on the table, “just open that, and then you will open your eyes.”

I obeyed him, and to my surprise took out a

bundle of bank-notes ; I counted up their value, and they amounted to £3,500.

“ You have been fortunate, indeed.”

“ Yes,” replied the major ; “ knowing that in a short time I shall be certain of cash, one way or the other, I had resolved to try my luck with the £500. I went to the hazard table, and threw in seventeen times—hedged upon the deuce ace, and threw out with it—*voila*. They won’t catch me there again in a hurry—luck like that only comes once in a man’s life ; but, Japhet, there is a little drawback to all this. I shall require your kind attendance in two or three hours.”

“ Why, what’s the matter ?”

“ Merely an affair of honour. I was insulted by a vagabond, and we meet at six o’clock.”

“ A vagabond—but surely, Carbonnell, you will not condescend——”

“ My dear fellow, although as great a vagabond as there is on the face of the earth, yet he

is a peer of the realm, and his title warrants the meeting—but, after all, what is it?”

“I trust it will be nothing, Carbonnell, but still it may prove otherwise.”

“Granted; and what then, my dear Newland? we all owe Heaven a death, and if I am floored, why then I shall no longer be anxious about title or fortune.”

“It’s a bad way of settling a dispute,” replied I, gravely.

“There is no other, Newland. How would society be held in check if it were not for duelling? We should all be a set of bears living in a bear-garden. I presume you have never been out?”

“Never,” replied I, “and had hoped that I never should have.”

“Then you must have better fortune, or better temper than most others, if you pass through life without an affair of this kind on your hands. I mean as principal, not as second. But, my dear fellow, I must give you a little

advice, relative to your behaviour as a second ; for I'm very particular on these occasions, and like that things should be done very correctly. It will never do, my dear Newland, that you appear on the ground with that melancholy face. I do not mean that you should laugh, or even smile, that would be equally out of character, but you should show yourself perfectly calm and indifferent. In your behaviour towards the other second, you must be most scrupulously polite, but, at the same time, never give up a point of dispute, in which my interest may be concerned. Even in your walk be slow, and move, as much as the ground will allow you, as if you were in a drawing-room. Never remain silent ; offer even trivial remarks, rather than appear *distract*. There is one point of great importance—I refer to choosing the ground, in which, perhaps, you will require my unperceived assistance. Any decided line behind me would be very advantageous to my adversary, such as the trunk of a tree, post, &c. ; even an elevated

light or dark ground behind me is unadvisable. Choose, if you can, a broken light, as it affects the correctness of the aim ; but as you will not probably be able to manage this satisfactorily, I will assist you. When on the ground, after having divided the sun fairly between us, I will walk about unconcernedly, and when I perceive a judicious spot, I will take a pinch of snuff and use my handkerchief, turning at the same time in the direction in which I wish my adversary to be placed. Take your cue from that, and with all suavity of manner, insist as much as you can upon our being so placed. That must be left to your own persuasive powers. I believe I have now stated all that is necessary, and I must prepare my instruments."

The major then went into his own room, and I never felt more nervous or more unhinged than after this conversation. I had a melancholy foreboding—but that I believe every one has, when he, for the first time, has to assist at

a mortal rencontre. I was in a deep musing when he returned with his pistols and all the necessary apparatus; and when the major pointed out to me, and made me once or twice practice the setting of the hair triggers, which is the duty of the second, an involuntary shudder came over me.

“Why, Newland, what is the matter with you? I thought that you had more nerve.”

“I probably should show more, Carbonnell, were I the principal instead of the second, but I cannot bear the reflection that some accident should happen to you. You are the only one with whom I have been on terms of friendship, and the idea of losing you, is very, very painful.”

“Newland, you really quite unman me, and you may now see a miracle,” continued Carbonnell, as he pressed his hand to his eye, “the moisture of a tear on the cheek of a London *roué*, a man of the world, who has long lived for himself and for this world only. It never

would be credited if asserted. Newland, there was a time when I was like yourself—the world took advantage of my ingenuousness and inexperience; my good feelings were the cause of my ruin, and then, by degrees, I became as callous and as hardened as the world itself. My dear fellow, I thought all affection, all sentiment, dried up within me, but it is not the case. You have made me feel that I have still a heart, and that I can *love you*. But this is all romance, and not fitted for the present time. It is now five o'clock, let us be on the ground early—it will give us an advantage.”

“ I do not much like speaking to you on the subject, Carbonnell; but is there nothing that you might wish done in case of accident?”

“ Nothing—why yes. I may as well. Give me a sheet of paper.” The major sat down and wrote for a few minutes. “ Now, send Timothy and another here. Timothy, and you, sir, see me sign this paper, and put my seal to it. I deliver this as my act and deed. Put your

names as witnesses." They complied with his request, and then the major desired Timothy to call a hackney-coach. "Newland," said the major, putting the paper, folded up, in my pocket, along with the bank notes, "take care of this for me till we come back."

"The coach is at the door, sir," said Timothy, looking at me, as if to say, "What can all this be about?"

"You may come with us and see," said the major, observing Tim's countenance, "and put that case into the coach." Tim, who knew that it was the major's case of pistols, appeared still more alarmed, and stood still without obeying the order. "Never mind, Tim, your master is not the one who is to use them," said the major, patting him on the shoulder.

Timothy, relieved by this intelligence, went down stairs with the pistols; we followed him. Tim mounted on the box, and we drove to Chalk Farm. "Shall the coach wait?" inquired Timothy.

“Yes, by all means,” replied I, in a low voice. We arrived at the usual ground, where disputes of this kind were generally settled; and the major took a survey of it with great composure.

“Now observe, Japhet,” said he, “if you can contrive——; but here they are. I will give you the notice agreed upon.” The peer, whose title was Lord Tineholme, now came up with his second, whom he introduced to me as Mr. Osborn. “Mr. Newland,” replied the major, saluting Mr. Osborn in return. We both took off our hats, bowed, and then proceeded to our duty. I must do my adversary’s second the justice to say, that his politeness was fully equal to mine. There was no mention, on either side, of explanations and retractions—the insult was too gross, and the character of his lordship, as well as that of Major Carbonnell, was too well known. Twelve paces were proposed by Mr. Osborn, and agreed to by me—the pistols of Major Carbonnell

were gained by drawing lots—we had nothing more to do but to place our principals. The major took out his snuff-box, took a pinch, and blew his nose, turning towards a copse of beech trees.

“With your permission, I will mark out the ground, Mr. Osborn,” said I, walking up to the major, and intending to pace twelve paces in the direction towards which he faced.

“Allow me to observe that I think a little more in this direction, would be more fair for both parties,” said Mr. Osborn.

“It would so, my dear sir,” replied I, “but, submitting to your superior judgment, perhaps it may not have struck you that my principal will have rather too much of the sun. I am incapable of taking any advantage, but I should not do my duty if I did not see every justice done to the major, who has confided to me in this unpleasant affair. I put it to you, sir, as a gentleman and man of honour, whether I am claiming too much?” A little amicable alter-

cation took place on this point, but finding that I would not yield, and that at every reply I was more and more polite and bland in my deportment, Mr. Osborn gave up the point. I walked the twelve paces, and Mr. Osborn placed his principal. I observed that Lord Tineholme did not appear pleased; he expostulated with him, but it was then too late. The pistols had been already loaded—the choice was given to his lordship, and Major Carbonnell received the other from my hand, which actually trembled, while his was firm. I requested Mr. Osborn to drop the handkerchief, as I could not make up my mind to give a signal which might be fatal to the major. They fired—Lord Tineholme fell immediately—the major remained on his feet for a second or two, and then sank down on the ground. I hastened up to him. “Where are you hurt?”

The major put his hand to his hip—“I am hit hard, Newland, but not so hard as he is. Run and see.”

I left the major, and went up to where Lord Tineholme lay, his head raised on the knee of his second.

“It is all over with him, Mr. Newland, the ball has passed through his brain.”

CHAPTER VII.

The Major pays the only debt of consequence he ever did pay, and I find myself a man of property.

I HASTENED back to the major, to examine his wound, and, with the assistance of Timothy, I stripped him sufficiently to ascertain that the ball had entered his hip, and probing the wound with my finger, it appeared that it had glanced off in the direction of the intestines ; the suffusion of blood was very trifling, which alarmed me still more.

“ Could you bear removal, major, in the coach ? ”

“ I cannot tell, but we must try ; the sooner

I am home the better, Japhet," replied he faintly.

With the assistance of Timothy, I put him into the hackney-coach, and we drove off, after I had taken off my hat and made my obeisance to Mr. Osborn, an effort of politeness which I certainly should have neglected, had I not been reminded of it by my principal. We set off, and the major bore his journey very well, making no complaint, but, on our arrival he fainted as we lifted him out. As soon as he was on the bed, I despatched Timothy for a surgeon. On his arrival he examined the wound, and shook his head. Taking me into the next room, he declared his opinion, that the ball had passed into the intestines, which were severed, and that there was no hope. I sat down and covered up my face—the tears rolled down and trickled through my fingers—it was the first heavy blow I had yet received. Without kindred or connexions, I felt that I was about to lose one who was dear to me. To another, not

in my situation, it might have only produced a temporary grief at the near loss of a friend ; but to me, who was almost alone in the world, the loss was heavy in the extreme. Whom had I to fly to for solace ?—there were Timothy and Fleta—one who performed the duty of a servant to me, and a child. I felt that they were not sufficient, and my heart was chilled.

The surgeon had, in the meantime, returned to the major, and dressed the wound. The major, who had recovered from his weakness, asked him his candid opinion. “We must hope for the best, sir,” replied the surgeon.

“That is to say, there is no hope,” replied the major ; “and I feel that you are right. How long do you think that I may live ?”

“If the wound does not take a favourable turn, about forty-eight hours, sir,” replied the surgeon ; “but we must hope for a more fortunate issue.”

“In a death-bed case you medical men are like lawyers,” replied the major, “there is no

getting a straightforward answer from you. Where is Mr. Newland?"

"Here I am, Carbonnell," said I, taking his hand.

"My dear fellow, I know it is all over with me, and you, of course, know it as well as I do. Do not think that it is a source of much regret to me to leave this rascally world—indeed it is not; but I do feel sorry, very sorry, to leave you. The doctor tells me I shall live forty-eight hours; but I have an idea that I shall not live so many minutes. I feel my strength gradually failing me. Depend upon it, my dear Newland, there is an internal hemorrhage. My dear fellow, I shall not be able to speak soon. I have left you my executor and sole heir. I wish there was more for you—it will last you, however, till you come of age. That was a lucky hit last night, but a very unlucky one this morning. Bury me like a gentleman."

"My dear Carbonnell," said I, "would you not like to see somebody—a clergyman?"

“Newland, excuse me. I do not refuse it out of disrespect, or because I do not believe in the tenets of Christianity; but I cannot believe that my repentance at this late hour can be of any avail. If I have not been sorry for the life I have lived—if I have not had my moments of remorse—if I have not promised to amend, and intended to have so done, and I trust I have—what avails my repentance now? No, no, Japhet, as I have sown so must I reap, and trust to the mercy of Heaven. God only knows all our hearts, and I would fain believe that I may find more favour in the eyes of the Almighty, than I have in this world from those who—but we must not judge. Give me to drink, Japhet—I am sinking fast. God bless you, my dear fellow.”

The major sank on his pillow, after he had moistened his lips, and spoke no more. With his hand clasped in mine he gradually sank, and in a quarter of an hour his eyes were fixed, and all was over. He was right in his conjec-

tures—an artery had been divided, and he had bled to death. The surgeon came again just before he was dead, for I had sent for him. “It is better as it is,” said he to me. “Had he not bled to death, he would have suffered forty-eight hours of extreme agony from the mortification which must have ensued. He closed the major’s eyes and took his leave, and I hastened into the drawing-room and sent for Timothy, with whom I sate in a long conversation on this unfortunate occurrence, and my future prospects.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit, from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, any thing like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostenta-

tious, and I paid every demand upon him which I knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted of his house in St. James's Street, the contents of his pocket-book entrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4,000, as he had told me. In his pocket-book were notes to the amount of £3,500, and his other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of about £8,000,—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he

died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

"I cannot but say," observed Timothy, "but that this is very fortunate. Had the major not persuaded you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir."

"There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000 lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker's, and then I must execute one part of the poor major's will. He left his diamond solitaire as a memento to his lordship. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it.

CHAPTER VIII.

A chapter full of morality, which ends in a Jew refusing upwards of £1,000, proving the Millennium to be nearly at hand.

THIS conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

"Excuse me, Mr. Newland," said he, "but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father; and I trust that, by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able."

"You have the credit, in the fashionable world, of possessing a large fortune."

"That is not my fault, my lord: it is through Major Carbonnell's mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participator, that I have never contradicted the report."

"Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to reap the advantage of the supposition."

"Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them."

“Nor undeceive them, Mr. Newland?”

“Undeceive them I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I never had any.”

“There is a knowledge of the world in that remark,” replied his lordship; “but I interrupted you, so proceed.”

“I mean to observe, my lord, and you, by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in saying so; that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to undeceive it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed

wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affections as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed; they are not founded, perhaps, upon the strictest code of morality; but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so much. Still, I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp still more, ideas which are not quite so strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I

have but one pursuit, one end to attain, which is, to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will ; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the earrings ?”

Lord Windermear smiled. “ Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person ; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's ; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance ; but I'm afraid, in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance.”

“ Ah, my lord ! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them ; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance.”

“ I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland ; every one pursues happiness in his own way ; your happiness appears to be

centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general ; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

" I grant it but too often does, my lord ; but there is pleasure in the chace," replied I.

" Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland ; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect, it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong ; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

" I candidly acknowledge to your lordship, that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you ; and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have taken the liberty of refunding the one thousand pounds

you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that, if at any time I should require your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and I offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

On my return I found Emmanuel, the money-lender, who had accompanied Timothy, fancying that I was in want of more assistance, and but too willing to give it. His surprise was very great when I told him that I wished to repay the money I had borrowed.

"Vell, dis is very strange! I have lent my monish a tousand times, and never once they did offer it me back. Vell, I will take it, sar."

"But how much must I give you, Mr. Emmanuel, for the ten days' loan?"

“How moch—vy you remember, you will give de bond money—de fifteen hundred.”

“What! five hundred pounds interest for ten days, Mr. Emmanuel; no, no, that’s rather too bad. I will, if you please, pay you back eleven hundred pounds, and that I think is very handsome.”

“I don’t want my monish, my good sar. I lend you one tousand pounds, on de condition that you pay me fifteen hundred when you come into your properties, which will be in very short time. You send for me, and tell me you vish to pay back de monish directly; I never refuse monish—if you wish to pay, I will take, but I will not take von farding less dan de monish on de bond.”

“Very well, Mr. Emmanuel, just as you please; I offer you your money back, in presence of my servant, and one hundred pounds for the loan of it for ten days. Refuse it if you choose, but I earnestly recommend you to take it.”

“ I will not have de monish, sar ; dis is de child’s play,” replied the Jew. “ I must have my fifteen hundred—all in goot time, sar—I am in no hurry—I vish you a very good morning, Mr. Newland. Ven you vish for more monish to borrow, I shall be happy to pay my respects.” So saying, the Jew walked out of the room, with his arm behind his back as usual.

CHAPTER IX.

I decide upon honesty as the best policy, and what is more strange, receive *legal* advice upon this important point.

TIMOTHY and I burst into laughter. "Really, Timothy," observed I, "it appears that very little art is necessary to deceive the world, for in every instance they will deceive themselves. The Jew is off my conscience, at all events, and now he never will be paid, until——"

"Until when, Japhet?"

"Until I find out my father," replied I.

"Every thing is put off till that time arrives, I observe," said Timothy. "Other people will soon be as interested in the search as yourself."

“ I wish they were ; unfortunately it is a secret, which cannot be divulged.”

A ring at the bell called Timothy down stairs ; he returned with a letter, it was from Lord Windermear, and ran as follows :—

“ MY DEAR NEWLAND,—I have been thinking about you ever since you left me this morning, and as you appear resolved to prosecute your search, it has occurred to me that you should go about it in a more systematic way. I do not mean to say that what I now propose will prove of any advantage to you, but still it may, as you will have a very old, and very clever head to advise with. I refer to Mr. Masterton, my legal adviser, from whom you had the papers which led to our first acquaintance. He is aware that you were (I beg your pardon) an impostor, as he has since seen Mr. Estcourt. The letter enclosed is for him, and with that in your hand you may face him boldly, and I have no doubt but that he will assist

you all in his power, and put you to no expense. Narrate your whole history to him, and then you will hear what he may propose. He 'has many secrets, much more important than yours. Wishing you every success that your perseverance deserves,

“ Believe me,

“ Yours very truly,

“ WINDERMEAR.”

“ I believe the advice to be good,” said I, after reading the letter. “ I am myself at fault, and hardly know how to proceed. I think I will go at once to the old gentleman, Timothy.”

“ It can do no harm, if it does no good. Two heads are better than one,” replied Timothy. “ Some secrets are too well kept, and deserting a child is one of those which is confided but to few.”

“ By-the-by, Timothy, here have I been, more than so many years out of the Foundling

Hospital, and have never yet inquired if any one has ever been to reclaim me."

"Very true; and I think I'll step myself to the workhouse, at St. Bridget's, and ask whether any one has asked about me," replied Timothy, with a grin.

"There is another thing that I have neglected," observed I, "which is, to inquire at the address in Coleman Street, if there is any letter from Melchior."

"I have often thought of him," replied Timothy. "I wonder who he can be—there is another mystery there. I wonder whether we shall ever fall in with him again—and Nattée, too?"

"There's no saying, Timothy. I wonder where that poor fool, Philotas, and our friend Jumbo, are now?"

The remembrance of the two last personages made us both burst out a laughing.

"Timothy, I've been reflecting that my intimacy with poor Carbonnell has rather hin-

dered than assisted me in my search. He found me with a good appearance, and he has moulded me into a gentleman, so far as manners and appearance are concerned; but the constant vortex in which I have been whirled in his company, has prevented me from doing any thing. His melancholy death has perhaps been fortunate for me. It has left me more independent in circumstances, and more free. I must now really set to in earnest."

"I beg your pardon, Japhet, but did not you say the same when we first set off on our travels, and yet remain more than a year with the gipsies? Did not you make the same resolution when we arrived in town, with our pockets full of money, and yet, once into fashionable society, think but little, and occasionally, of it? Now you make the same resolution, and how long will you keep it?"

"Nay, Timothy, that remark is hardly fair; you know that the subject is ever in my thoughts."

“In your thoughts, I grant, very frequently ; but you have still been led away from the search.”

“I grant it, but I presume that arises from not knowing how to proceed. I have a skein to unravel, and cannot find out an end to commence with.”

“I always thought people commenced with the beginning,” replied Tim, laughing.

“At all events, I will now try back, and face the old lawyer. Do you call at Coleman Street, Tim, and at St. Bridget’s also, if you please.”

“As for St. Bridget’s, I’m in no particular hurry about my mother ; if I stumble upon her I may pick her up, but I never make diligent search after what, in every probability, will not be worth the finding.”

Leaving Timothy to go his way, I walked to the house at Lincoln’s Inn, which I had before entered upon the memorable occasion of the papers of Estcourt. As before, I rang the

bell, the door swang open, and I was once more in the presence of Mr. Masterton.

“I have a letter, sir,” said I, bowing, and presenting the letter from Lord Windermear.

The old gentleman peered at me through his spectacles. “Why! we have met before—bless me—why you’re the rogue that——”

“You are perfectly right, sir,” interrupted I. “I am the rogue who presented the letter from Lord Windermear, and who presents you with another from the same person; do me the favour to read it, while I take a chair.”

“Upon my soul—you impudent—handsome dog, I must say—great pity—come for money, I suppose. Well, it’s a sad world,” muttered the lawyer as he broke open the letter of Lord Windermear.

I made no reply, but watched his countenance, which changed to that of an expression of surprise. “Had his lordship sent me a request to have you hanged if possible,” said Mr. Masterton, “I should have felt no surprise,

but in this letter he praises you, and desires me to render you all the service in my power. I can't understand it."

"No, sir; but if you have leisure to listen to me, you will then find that, in this world, we may be deceived by appearances."

"Well, and so I was, when I first saw you; I never could have believed you to be—but never mind."

"Perhaps, sir, in an hour or two you will again alter your opinion. Are you at leisure, or will you make an appointment for some future day?"

"Mr. Newland, I am not at leisure—I never was more busy; and if you had come on any legal business, I should have put you off for three or four days, at least; but my curiosity is so raised, that I am determined that I will indulge it at the expense of my interest. I will turn the key, and then you will oblige me by unravelling, what, at present, is to me as curious as it is wholly incomprehensible."

CHAPTER X.

I attempt to profit by intelligence I receive, and throw a lady into hysterics.

IN about three hours I had narrated the history of my life, up to the very day, almost as much detailed as it has been to the reader. "And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, as I wound up my narrative, "do you think that I deserve the title of rogue, which you applied to me when I came in?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Newland, I hardly know what to say; but I like to tell the truth. To say that you have been quite honest, would

not be correct—a rogue, to a certain degree, you have been, but you have been the rogue of circumstances. I can only say this, that there are greater rogues than you, whose characters are unblemished in the world—that most people in your peculiar situation would have been much greater rogues; and lastly, that rogue or not rogue, I have great pleasure in taking you by the hand, and will do all I possibly can to serve you—and that for your own sake. Your search after your parents I consider almost tantamount to a wild-goose chase; but still, as your happiness depends upon it, I suppose it must be carried on; but you must allow me time for reflection. I will consider what may be the most judicious method of proceeding. Can you dine *tête-à-tête* with me here on Friday, and we then will talk over the matter?”

“On Friday, sir; I am afraid that I am engaged to Lady Maelstrom; but that is of no consequence—I will write an excuse to her ladyship.”

"Lady Maelstrom! how very odd that you should bring up her name after our conversation."

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Masterton, chuckling; "because—recollect, it is a secret, Mr. Newland—I remember some twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen, before she married, she had a little *faux pas*, and I was called in about a settlement, for the maintenance of the child."

"Is it possible, sir?" replied I, anxiously.

"Yes, she was violently attached to a young officer, without money, but of good family; some say it was a private marriage, others, that he was—a *rascal*. It was all hushed up, but he was obliged by the friends, before he left for the West Indies, to sign a deed of maintenance, and I was the party called in. I never heard any more about it. The officer's name was Warrender; he died of the yellow fever, I believe, and after his death she married Lord Maelstrom."

"He is dead, then?" replied I mournfully.

"Well, that cannot affect you, my good fellow. On Friday, then, at six o'clock precisely. Good afternoon, Mr. Newland."

I shook hands with the old gentleman, and returned home, but my brain whirled with the fear of a confirmation, of that which Mr. Masterton had so carelessly conveyed. Any thing like a possibility, immediately was swelled to a certainty in my imagination, so ardent and heated on the one subject; and as soon as I regained my room, I threw myself on the sofa, and fell into a deep reverie. I tried to approximate the features of Lady Maelstrom to mine, but all the ingenuity in the world could not effect that; but still, I might be like my father—but my father was dead, and that threw a chill over the whole glowing picture which I had, as usual, conjured up; besides, it was asserted that I was born in wedlock, and there was a doubt relative to the marriage of her ladyship.

After a long cogitation I jumped up, seized my hat, and set off for Grosvenor Square, determining to ask a private interview with her ladyship, and at once end my harassing doubts and surmises. I think there could not be a greater proof of my madness than my venturing to attack a lady of forty upon the irregularities of her youth, and to question her upon a subject which had been confided but to two or three, and she imagined had been long forgotten: but this never struck me; all considerations were levelled in my ardent pursuit. I walked through the streets at a rapid pace, the crowd passed by me as shadows, I neither saw nor distinguished them; I was deep in reverie as to the best way of breaking the subject to her ladyship, for, notwithstanding my monomania, I perceived it to be a point of great delicacy. After having overturned about twenty people in my mad career, I arrived at the door and knocked. My heart beat almost as hard against my ribs with excitement.

“Is her ladyship at home?”

“Yes, sir.”

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with two of her nieces, the Misses Fairfax.

“Mr. Newland, you have been quite a stranger,” said her ladyship, as I walked up to her and made my obeisance. “I did intend to scold you well; but I suppose that sad affair of poor Major Carbonnell’s has been a heavy blow to you—you were so intimate—lived together, I believe, did you not? However, you have not so much cause to regret, for he was not a very proper companion for young men like you: to tell you the truth, I consider it as a fortunate circumstance that he was removed, for he would, by degrees, have led you into all manner of mischief, and have persuaded you to squander your fortune. I did at one time think of giving you a hint, but it was a delicate point. Now that he is gone, I tell you very candidly that you have had an escape. A young man like

you, Mr Newland, who could command an alliance into the highest, yes, the very highest families—and let me tell you, Mr. Newland, that there is nothing like connexion—money is of no consequence to you, but connexion, Mr. Newland, is what you should look for—connexion with some high family, and then you will do well. I should like to see you settled — well settled, I mean, Mr. Newland. Now that you are rid of the major, who has ruined many young men in his time, I trust you will seriously think of settling down into a married man. Cecilia, my dear, show your tambour work to Mr. Newland, and ask him his opinion. Is it not beautiful, Mr. Newland?”

“Extremely beautiful, indeed, ma’am,” replied I, glad at last that her ladyship allowed me to speak a word.

“Emma, my dear, you look pale, you must go out into the air. Go, children, put your bonnets on and take a turn in the garden, when the carriage comes round I will send for you.”

The young ladies quitted the room. "Nice innocent girls, Mr. Newland; but you are not partial to blondes, I believe?"

"Indeed, Lady Maelstrom, I infinitely prefer the blonde to the brunette."

"That proves your taste, Mr. Newland. The Fairfaxes are of a very old family—Saxon, Mr. Newland. *Fair-fax* is Saxon for light hair. Is it not remarkable that they should be blondes to this day? Pure blood, Mr. Newland. You, of course, have heard of General Fairfax, in the time of Cromwell. He was their direct ancestor—an excellent family and highly connected, Mr. Newland. You are aware that they are my nieces. My sister married Mr. Fairfax."

I paid the Misses Fairfax the compliments which I thought they really deserved, for they were very pretty amiable girls, and required no puffing on the part of her ladyship; and then I commenced. "Your ladyship has expressed such kind wishes towards me, that I

cannot be sufficiently grateful; but, perhaps, your ladyship may think me romantic, I am resolved never to marry, except for love."

"A very excellent resolve, Mr. Newland; there are few young men who care about love now-a-days, but I consider that love is a great security for happiness in the wedded state."

"True, madam, and what can be more delightful than a first attachment? I appeal to your ladyship, was not your first attachment the most delightful—are not the reminiscences most lasting—do you not, even now, call to mind those halcyon days when love was all and every thing?"

"My days of romance are long past, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship; "indeed I never had much romance in my composition. I married Lord Maelstrom for the connexion, and I loved him pretty well, that is, soberly, Mr. Newland. I mean, I loved him quite enough to marry him, and to obey my parents, that is all."

“ But, my dear Lady Maelstrom, I did not refer to your marriage with his lordship ; I referred to your first love.”

“ My first love, Mr. Newland ; pray what do you mean ?” replied her ladyship, looking very hard at me.

“ Your ladyship need not be ashamed of it. Our hearts are not in our own keeping, nor can we always control our passions. I have but to mention the name of Warrender.”

“ Warrender !” shrieked her ladyship. “ Pray, Mr. Newland,” continued her ladyship, recovering herself, “ who gave you that piece of information ?”

“ My dear Lady Maelstrom, pray do not be displeased with me, but I am very particularly interested in this affair. Your love for Mr. Warrender, long before your marriage, is well known to me ; and it is to that love, to which I referred, when I asked you if it was not most delightful.”

“ Well, Mr. Newland,” replied her ladyship,

"how you have obtained the knowledge I know not, but there was, I acknowledge, a trifling flirtation with Edward Warrender and me—but I was young, very young at that time."

"I grant it; and do not, for a moment, imagine that I intend to blame your ladyship; but, as I before said, madam, I am much interested in the business."

"What interest you can have with a little flirtation of mine, which took place before you were born, I cannot imagine, Mr. Newland."

"It is because it took place before I was born, that I feel so much interest."

"I cannot understand you, Mr. Newland, and I think we had better change the subject."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must request to continue it a little longer. Is Mr. Warrender dead, or not? Did he die in the West Indies?"

"You appear to be very curious on this subject, Mr. Newland; I hardly can tell. Yes, now I recollect, he did die of the yellow fever,

I think—but I have quite forgotten all about it—and I shall answer no more questions; if you were not a favourite of mine, Mr. Newland, I should say that you were very impertinent.”

“Then, your ladyship, I will put but one more question, and that one I must put, with your permission.”

“I should think, after what I have said, Mr. Newland, that you might drop the subject.”

“I will, your ladyship, immediately; but, pardon me, the question——”

“Well, Mr. Newland——?”

“Do not be angry with me——”

“Well?” exclaimed her ladyship, who appeared alarmed.

“Nothing but the most important and imperative reasons could induce me to ask the question,” (her ladyship gasped for breath, and could not speak,) I stammered, but at last I brought it out. “What has become of—of—of the sweet pledge of your love, Lady Maelstrom?”

Her ladyship coloured up with rage, raised up her clenched hand, and then fell back in violent hysterics.

CHAPTER XI.

I repair the damage, and make things worse—Plot and counter-plot—Tim gains a watch by setting watch upon his tongue.

I HARDLY knew how to act—if I called the servants, my interview would be at an end, and I was resolved to find out the truth—for the same reason, I did not like to ring for water. Some vases with flowers were on the table; I took out the flowers, and threw the water in her face, but they had been in the water some time, and had discoloured it green. Her ladyship's dress was a high silk gown, of a bright slate colour, and was immediately spoiled; but

this was no time to stand upon trifles. I seized hold of a glass bottle, fancying, in my hurry, it was *eau de cologne*, or some essence, and poured a little into her mouth; unfortunately, it was a bottle of marking ink, which her ladyship, who was very economical, had on the table in disguise. I perceived my error, and had recourse to another vase of flowers, pouring a large quantity of the green water down her throat. Whether the unusual remedies had an effect, or not, I cannot tell, but her ladyship gradually revived, and, as she leant back on the sofa, sobbing, every now and then, convulsively, I poured into her ear a thousand apologies, until I thought she was composed enough to listen to me.

“Your ladyship’s maternal feelings,” said I.

“It’s all a calumny! a base lie, sir!” shrieked she.

“Nay, nay, why be ashamed of a youthful passion; why deny what was in itself creditable to your unsophisticated mind. Does not your

heart, even now, yearn to embrace your son—will not you bless me, if I bring him to your feet—will not you bless your son, and receive him with delight?”

“It was a girl,” screamed her ladyship, forgetting herself, and again falling into hysterics.

“A girl!” replied I, “then I have lost my time, and it is no use my remaining here.”

Mortified at the intelligence which overthrew my hopes and castle buildings, I seized my hat, descended the stairs, and quitted the house; in my hurry and confusion quite forgetting to call the servants to her ladyship’s assistance. Fortunately, I perceived the Misses Fairfax close to the iron railing of the garden. I crossed the road, wished them good-bye, and told them that I thought Lady Maelstrom looked very ill, and they had better go in to her. I then threw myself into the first hackney-coach, and drove home. I found Timothy had arrived before me, and I narrated all that had passed.

“You will never be able to go there again,”

observed Timothy, "and depend upon it, she will be your enemy through life. I wish you had not said any thing to her."

"What is done cannot be undone; but recollect, that if she can talk, I can talk also."

"Will she not be afraid?"

"Yes, openly, she will; and open attacks can be parried."

"Very true."

"But it will be as well to pacify her, if I can. I will write to her." I sat down and wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR LADY MAELSTROM,—I am so astonished and alarmed at the situation I put you in, by my impertinence and folly, that I hardly know how to apologize. The fact is, that looking over some of my father's old letters, I found many from Warrender, in which he spoke of an affair with a young lady, and I read the name as your maiden name, and also discovered where the offspring was to be found.

On re-examination, for your innocence was too evident at our meeting to admit of a doubt, I find that the name, although something like yours, is *spelt very differently*, and that I must have been led into an unpardonable error. What can I say, except that I throw myself on your mercy? I dare not appear before you again. I leave town to-morrow, but if you can pardon my folly and impertinence, and allow me to pay my respects when London is full again, and time shall have softened down your just anger, write me one line to that effect, and you will relieve the burdened conscience of

“ Your’s most truly,

“ J. NEWLAND.”

“ There, Tim,” said I, as I finished reading it over, “ take that as a sop to the old Cerberus. She may think it prudent, as I have talked of letters, to believe me and make friends. I will not trust her, nevertheless.”

Tim went away, and very soon returned with an answer.

“ You are a foolish mad-cap, and I ought to shut my doors against you ; you have half killed me—spoilt my gown, and I am obliged to keep my bed. Remember, in future, to be sure of the right name before you make an assertion. As for forgiving you, I shall think of it, and when you return to town, you may call and receive my sentence. Cecilia was quite frightened, poor dear girl, what a dear affectionate child she is !—she is a treasure to me, and I don’t think I ever could part with her. She sends her regards.

“ Yours,

“ C. MAELSTROM.”

“ Come, Timothy, at all events this is better than I expected—but now I’ll tell you what I propose to do. Harcourt was with me yester-

day, and he wishes me to go down with him to ———. There will be the assizes, and the county ball, and a great deal of gaiety, and I have an idea that it is just as well to beat the country as the town. I dine with Mr. Masterton on Friday. On Saturday I will go down and see Fleta, and on Tuesday or Wednesday I will start with Harcourt to his father's, where he has promised me a hearty welcome. Was there any thing at Coleman-street?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Iving said that he had just received a letter from your correspondent, and that he wished to know if the little girl was well; I told him that she was. Mr. Iving laid the letter down on the desk, and I read the post-mark, Dublin."

"Dublin," replied L. "I should like to find out who Melchior is—and so I will as soon as I can."

"Well, sir, I have not finished my story. Mr. Iving said, 'My correspondent wishes to know whether the education of the little girl is

attended to?' 'Yes,' replied I, 'it is.' 'Is she at school?' 'Yes, she has been at school ever since we have been in London.' 'Where is she at school?' inquired he. Now, sir, as I never was asked that question by him before, I did not know whether I ought to give an answer, so I replied, 'that I did not know.' 'You know whether she is in London or not, do you not?' 'How should I?' replied I, 'master had put her to school before I put on his liveries.' 'Does he never go to see her?' inquired he. 'I suppose so,' said I. 'Then you really know nothing about it?—then look you, my lad, I am anxious to find out where she is at school, and the name of the people, and if you will find out the direction for me, it will be money in your pocket, that's all.' 'Um,' replied I, 'but how much?' 'Why, more than you think for, my man, it will be a ten-pound note.' 'That alters the case,' replied I; 'now I think again, I have an idea that I do remember seeing her address on a letter my

master wrote to her.' 'Ay,' replied Mr. Iving, 'it's astonishing how money sharpens the memory. I'll keep to my bargain; give me the address, and here's the ten-pound note.' 'I'm afraid that my master will be angry,' said I, as if I did not much like to tell him. 'Your master will never know any thing about it, and you may serve a long time before he gives you a ten-pound note above your wages.' 'That's very true,' said I, 'service is no inheritance. Well, then, give me the money, and I'll write it down.' "

" And did you give it?" interrupted I.

" Stop a moment, sir, and you shall hear. I wrote down the address of that large school at Kensington, which we pass when we go to Mr. Aubrey White's."

" What that tremendous large board with yellow letters—Mrs Let – what is it?"

" Mrs. Lipscombe's seminary—I always read the board every time I go up and down. I gave him the address, Miss Johnson, at Mrs.

Lipscombe's seminary, Kensington. Well—and here's the ten-pound note, sir, which I have fairly earned."

"Fairly earned, Tim?"

"Yes, fairly earned; for it's all fair to cheat those who would cheat you."

"I cannot altogether agree with you on that point, Tim, but it certainly is no more than they deserve; but this is matter for reflection. Why should Melchior wish to find out her address without my knowledge?—depend upon it, there is something wrong."

"That's what I said to myself coming home; and I made up my mind, that, for some reason or another, he wishes to regain possession of her."

"I entertain the same idea, Timothy, and I am glad you have disappointed him. I will take care that they shall not find her out, now that I am upon my guard."

"But, sir, I wish to draw one good moral from this circumstance; which is, that if you

had been served by any common footman, your interest would, in all probability, have been sacrificed to the ten-pound note ; and that not only in this instance, but in many others, I did a very wise thing in taking my present situation."

" I am but too well aware of that, Tim, my dear fellow," said I, extending my hand, " and depend upon it, that if I rise, you do. You know me well enough by this time."

" Yes, I do, Japhet, and had rather serve you than the first nobleman in the land. I'm going to purchase a watch with this ten-pound note, and I never shall look at it without remembering the advantage of keeping a watch over my tongue."

CHAPTER XII.

I fall very much in love with honesty because I find that it is well received in the world—and to prove my honesty, inform the whole world that honest I have never been.

I PROVED the will of Major Carbonnell, in which there was no difficulty ; and then I sat down to consider in what way I might best husband my resources. The house was in good repair, and well furnished. At the time that I lived with the major, we had our drawing-room, and his bed-room, and another room equally large, used as his dressing-room, on the first floor. The second floor was appropriated to me, and the sitting-room was used

as a dining-room when we dined at home, which was but seldom. The basement was let as a shop, at one hundred pounds per annum, but we had a private door for entrance, and the kitchens and attics. I resolved to retain only the first-floor, and let the remainder of the house; and I very soon got a tenant at sixty pounds per annum. The attics were appropriated to Timothy and the servants belonging to the lodger.

After having disposed of what was of no service to me, I found that, deducting the thousand pounds paid into the banker's, for Lord Windermear, I had a little above three thousand pounds in ready money, and what to do with this I could not well decide. I applied to Mr. Masterton, stating the exact amount of my finances, on the day that I dined with him, and he replied, "You have two good tenants, bringing you in one hundred and sixty pounds per annum—if this money is put out on mortgage, I can procure you five per cent., which

will be one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Now, the question is, do you think that you can live upon three hundred and ten pounds per annum? You have no rent to pay, and I should think that, as you are not at any great expense for a servant, you might, with economy, do very well. Recollect, that if your money is lent on mortgage, you will not be able to obtain it at a moment's warning. So reflect well before you decide."

I consulted with Timothy, and agreed to lend the money, reserving about two hundred pounds to go on with, until I should receive my rents and interest. On the Friday I went to dine with Mr. Masterton, and narrated what had passed between me and Lady Maelstrom. He was very much diverted, and laughed immoderately. "Upon my faith, Mr. Newland, but you have a singular species of madness; you first attack Lord Windermear, then a bishop, and, to crown all, you attack a dowager peeress. I must acknowledge, that if you do

not find out your parents, it will not be for want of inquiry. Altogether, you are a most singular character; your history is most singular, and your good fortune is equally so. You have made more friends before you have come to age, than most people do in their whole lives. You commence the world with nothing, and here you are, with almost a competence—have paid off a loan of one thousand pounds, which was not required—and are moving in the best society. Now the only drawback I perceive in all this is, that you are in society under false colours, having made people suppose that you are possessed of a large fortune.”

“It was not exactly my assertion, sir.”

“No, I grant, not exactly; but you have been a party to it, and I cannot allow that there is any difference. Now, do you mean to allow this supposition to remain uncontradicted?”

“I hardly know what to say, sir; if I were to state that I have nothing but a bare competence, it will be only injurious to the memory

of Major Carbonnell. All the world will suppose that he has ruined me, and that I had the fortune, whereas, on the contrary, it is to him that I am indebted for my present favourable position."

"That may be very true, Mr. Newland; but if I am to consider you as my protégé, and I may add, the protégé of Lord Windermear, I must make you *quite honest*—I will be no party to fraud in any shape. Are you prepared to resign your borrowed plumes, and appear before the world as you really are?"

"There is but one inducement, sir, for me to wish that the world may still deceive themselves. I may be thrown out of society, and lose the opportunity of discovering my parents."

"And pray, Mr. Newland, which do you think is more likely to tend to the discovery, a general knowledge that you are a foundling in search of your parents, or your present method, of taxing every body upon suspicion. If your parents wish to reclaim you, they will then

have their eyes directed towards you, from your position being known; and I will add, there are few parents who will not be proud of you as a son. You will have the patronage of Lord Windermear, which will always secure you a position in society, and the good wishes of all, although, I grant, that such worldly people as Lady Maelstrom may strike your name off their porter's list. You will, moreover, have the satisfaction of knowing that the friends which you make have not been made under false colours and appearances, and a still further satisfaction, arising from a good conscience."

"I am convinced, sir, and I thank you for your advice. I will now be guided by you in every thing."

"Give me your hand, my good lad, I now will be your friend to the utmost of my power."

"I only wish, sir," replied I, much affected, "that you were also my father."

"Thank you for the wish, as it implies that you have a good opinion of me. What do you mean to do?"

“ I have promised my friend Mr. Harcourt to go down with him to his father’s.”

“ Well ?”

“ And before I go I will undeceive him.”

“ You are right ; you will then find whether he is a friend to you or to your supposed ten thousand pounds per annum. I have been reflecting, and I am not aware that any thing else can be done at present than acknowledging to the world who you really are, which is more likely to tend to the discovery of your parents than any other means, but at the same time I shall not be idle. All we lawyers have among us strange secrets, and among my fraternity, to whom I shall speak openly, I think it possible that something may be found out which may serve as a clue. Do not be annoyed at being cut by many, when your history is known ; those who cut you are those whose acquaintance and friendship are not worth having ; it will unmask your flatterers from your friends, and you will not repent of your having been honest ; in

the end, it is the best policy, even in a worldly point of view. Come to me as often as you please; I am always at home to you, and always your friend."

Such was the result of my dinner with Mr. Masterton, which I narrated to Timothy as soon as I returned home. "Well, Japhet, I think you have found a real friend in Mr. Masterton, and I am glad that you have decided upon following his advice. As for me, I am not under false colours, I am in my right situation, and wish no more."

In pursuance of my promise to Mr. Masterton, I called upon Harcourt the next morning, and after stating my intention to go down for a day or two into the country to see a little girl who was under my care, I said to him, "Harcourt, as long as we were only town acquaintances, mixing in society, and under no peculiar obligation to each other, I did not think it worth while to undeceive you on a point in which Major Carbonnell was deceived

himself, and has deceived others; but now that you have offered to introduce me into the bosom of your family, I cannot allow you to remain in error. It is generally supposed that I am about to enter into a large property when I come of age; now, so far from that being the case, I have nothing in the world but a bare competence, and the friendship of Lord Windermear. In fact, I am a deserted child, ignorant of my parents, and most anxious to discover them, as I have every reason to suppose that I am of no mean birth. I tell you this candidly, and unless you renew the invitation, shall consider that it has not been given."

Harcourt remained a short time without answering. "You really have astonished me, Newland; but," continued he, extending his hand, "I admire—I respect you, and I feel that I shall like you better. With ten thousand pounds a-year, you were above me—now we are but equals. I, as a younger brother, have but a bare competence, as well as you; and as

for parents—for the benefit I now derive from them, I might as well have none. Not but my father is a worthy, fine old gentleman, but the estates are entailed; he is obliged to keep up his position in society, and he has a large family to provide for, and he can do no more. You have indeed an uncommon moral courage to have made this confession. Do you wish it to be kept a secret?"

"On the contrary, I wish the truth to be known."

"I am glad that you say so, as I have mentioned you as a young man of large fortune to my father; but I feel convinced, when I tell him this conversation, he will be much more pleased in taking you by the hand, than if you were to come down and propose to one of my sisters. I repeat the invitation with double the pleasure that I gave it at first."

"I thank you, Harcourt," replied I; "some day I will tell you more. I must not expect,

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however, that every body will prove themselves as noble in ideas as yourself."

"Perhaps not, but never mind that. On Friday next, then, we start."

"Agreed." I shook hands and left him.

CHAPTER XIII.

I try back to recover the lost scent, and discover to my astonishment, that I have been transported for forgery.

THE behaviour of Harcourt was certainly a good encouragement, and had I been wavering in my promise to Mr. Masterton, would have encouraged me to proceed. I returned home with a light heart and a pleasing satisfaction, from the conviction that I had done right. The next morning I set off for —, and, as it was a long while since I had seen Fleta, our meeting was a source of delight on both sides. I found her very much grown and improved. She was approaching her fifteenth year, as nearly as we could guess—of course her

exact age was a mystery. Her mind was equally expanded. Her mistress praised her docility and application, and wished to know whether I intended that she should be taught music and drawing, for both of which she had shown a decided taste. To this I immediately consented, and Fleta hung on my shoulder and embraced me for the indulgence. She was now fast approaching to womanhood, and my feelings towards her were more intense than ever. I took the chain of coral and gold beads from her neck, telling her that I must put it into a secure place, as much depended upon them. She was curious to know why, but I would not enter into the subject at that time. One caution I gave her, in case, by any chance, her retreat should be discovered by the companions of Melchior, which was, that without I myself came, she was, on no account, to leave the school, even if a letter from me was produced, requesting her to come, unless that letter was delivered by Timothy. I gave the same directions to her

mistress, paid up her schooling and expenses, and then left her, promising not to be so long before I saw her again. On my return to town I deposited the necklace with Mr. Masterton, who locked it up carefully in his iron safe.

On the Friday, as agreed, Harcourt and I, accompanied by Timothy and Harcourt's servant, started on the outside of the coach, as younger brothers usually convey themselves, for his father's seat in —shire, and arrived there in time for dinner. I was kindly received by old Mr. Harcourt and his family, consisting of his wife and three amiable and beautiful girls. But on the second day, during which interval I presume Harcourt had an opportunity of undeceiving his father, I was delighted to perceive that the old gentleman's warmth of behaviour towards me was increased. I remained there for a fortnight, and never was so happy. I was soon on the most intimate terms with the whole family, and was treated as if I belonged to it. Yet when I went to bed every

night, I became more and more melancholy. I felt what a delight it must be to have parents, sisters, and friends—the bosom of a family to retire into, to share with it your pleasures and your pains; and the tears often ran down my cheeks, and moistened my pillow, when I had, not an hour before, been the happiest of the happy, and the gayest of the gay. In a family party, there is nothing so amusing as any little talent out of the general way, and my performances and tricks on cards, &c. in which Melchior had made me such an adept, were now brought forward as a source of innocent gratification. When I quitted, I had a general and hearty welcome to the house from the parents; and the eyes of the amiable girls, as well as mine, were not exactly dry, as we bade each other farewell.

“ You told your father, Harcourt, did you not ?”

“ Yes, and the whole of them, Japhet; and you must acknowledge, that in their estimation

you did not suffer. My father is pleased with our intimacy, and advises me to cultivate it. To prove to you that I am anxious so to do, I have a proposal to make. I know your house as well as you do, and that you have reserved only the first floor for yourself; but there are two good rooms on the first floor, and you can dispense with a dressing-room. Suppose we club together. It will be a saving to us both, as poor Carbonnell said, when he took you in."

"With all my heart: I am delighted with the proposal."

Harcourt then stated what it was his intention to offer for his share of the apartment; the other expenses to be divided, and his servant dismissed. I hardly need say, that we did not disagree, and before I had been a week in town, we were living together. My interview with Mr. Masterton, and subsequent events, had made me forget to call on the governors of the Foundling Hospital, to ascertain whether there had been any inquiries after me. On my return

to town I went there, and finding that there was a meeting to be held on the next day, I presented myself. I was introduced into the room where they were assembled.

“ You wish to speak with the governors of the Hospital, I understand,” said the presiding governor.

“ Yes, sir,” replied I ; “ I have come to ask whether an inquiry has been made after one of the inmates of this charity, of the name of Japhet Newland.”

“ Japhet Newland !”

“ If you recollect, sir, he was bound to an apothecary of the name of Cophagus, in consequence of some money which was left with him as an infant, enclosed in a letter, in which it was said that he would be reclaimed if circumstances permitted.”

“ I recollect it perfectly well—it is now about six years back. I think there was some inquiry, was there not, Mr. G—— ?”

“ I think that there was, about a year and a

half ago; but we will send for the secretary, and refer to the minutes."

My heart beat quick, and the perspiration bedewed my forehead, when I heard this intelligence. At last, my emotion was so great, that I felt faint. "You are ill, sir," said one of the gentlemen; "quick—a glass of water."

The attendant brought a glass of water, which I drank, and recovered myself. "You appear to be much interested in this young man's welfare."

"I am, sir," replied I; "no one can be more so."

The secretary now made his appearance with the register, and after turning over the leaves, read as follows: "August the 16th—, a gentleman came to inquire after an infant left here, of the name of Japhet, with whom money had been deposited—Japhet, christened by order of the governors, Japhet Newland—referred to the shop of Mr. Cophagus, Smithfield Market. He returned the next day, saying

that Mr. Cophagus had retired from business—that the parties in the shop knew nothing for certain, but believed that the said Japhet Newland had been transported for life for forgery, about a year before.”

“ Good heavens ! what an infamous assertion !” exclaimed I, clasping my hands.

“ On reference back to the calendar, we observed that one J. Newland was transported for such an offence. Query ?”

“ It must have been some other person ; but this has arisen from the vindictive feeling of those two scoundrels who served under Pleggit,” cried I.

“ How can you possibly tell, sir ?” mildly observed one of the governors.

“ How can I tell, sir !” replied I, starting from my chair. “ Why, I am *Japhet Newland* myself, sir.”

“ You, sir,” replied the governor, surveying my fashionable exterior, my chains, and bijouterie.

“ Yes, sir, I am the Japhet Newland brought up in this asylum, and who was apprenticed to Mr. Cophagus.”

“ Probably, then, sir,” replied the president, “ you are the Mr. Newland whose name appears at all the fashionable parties in high life ?”

“ I believe that I am the same person, sir.”

“ I wish you joy upon your success in the world, sir. It would not appear that it can be very important to you to discover your parents.”

“ Sir,” replied I, “ you have never known what it is to feel the want of parents and friends. Fortunate as you may consider me to be—and I acknowledge I have every reason to be grateful for my unexpected rise in life—I would, at this moment, give up all that I am worth, resume my Foundling dress, and be turned out a beggar, if I could but discover the authors of my existence.”—I then bowed low to the governors, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mischief brewing—Timothy and I set our wits to work,
and he resumes his old profession of a gipsy.

I HASTENED home with feelings too painful to be described. I had a soreness at my heart, an oppression on my spirits, which weighed me down. I had but one wish—that I was dead. I had already imparted to Harcourt the history of my life, and when I came in, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and relieved my agonized heart with a flood of tears. As soon as I could compose myself, I stated what had occurred.

“ My dear Newland, although it has been an unfortunate occurrence in itself, I do not see that you have so much cause to grieve, for you have this satisfaction, that it appears there has been a wish to reclaim you.”

“ Yes,” replied I, “ I grant that, but have they not been told, and have they not believed, that I have been ignominiously punished for a capital crime? Will they ever seek me more?”

“ Probably not ; you must now seek them. What I should recommend is, that you repair to-morrow to the apothecary’s shop, and interrogate relative to the person who called to make inquiries after you. If you will allow me, I will go with you.”

“ And be insulted by those malignant scoundrels ?”

“ They dare not insult you. As an apothecary’s apprentice they would, but as a gentleman they will quail ; and if they do not, their master will most certainly be civil, and give you

all the information which he can. We may as well, however, not do things by halves; I will borrow my aunt's carriage for the morning, and we will go in style."

"I think I will call this evening upon Mr. Masterton, and ask his advice."

"Ask him to accompany us, Newland, and he will frighten them with libel, and defamation of character."

I called upon Mr. Masterton, that evening, and told my story. "It is indeed very provoking, Newland; but keep your courage up, I will go with you to-morrow, and will see what we can make of it. At what time do you propose to start?"

"Will it suit you, sir, if we call at one o'clock?"

"Yes; so good night, my boy, for I have something here which I must contrive to get through before that time."

Harcourt had procured the carriage, and we picked up Mr. Masterton at the hour agreed,

and proceeded to Smithfield. When we drove up to the door of Mr. Pleggit's shop, the assistants at first imagined that it was a mistake; few handsome carriages are to be seen stopping in this quarter of the metropolis. We descended and entered the shop, Mr. Masterton inquiring if Mr. Pleggit was at home. The shopmen, who had not recognised me, bowed to the ground in their awkward way; and one ran to call Mr. Pleggit, who was up stairs. Mr. Pleggit descended, and we walked into the back parlour. Mr. Masterton then told him the object of our calling, and requested to know why the gentleman, who had inquired after me, had been sent away with the infamous fabrication that I had been transported for forgery. Mr. Pleggit protested innocence—recollected, however, that a person had called—would make every inquiry of his shopmen. The head man was called in and interrogated—at first he appeared to make a joke of it, but when threatened by Mr. Masterton became humble

—acknowledged that they had said that I was transported, for they had read it in the newspapers—was sorry for the mistake; said that the gentleman was a very tall person, very well dressed, very much of a gentleman—could not recollect his exact dress—was a large built man, with a stern face—but seemed very much agitated when he heard that I had been transported. Called twice, Mr. Pleggit was not in at first—left his name—thinks the name was put down on the day book—when he called a second time, Mr. Pleggit was at home, and referred him to them, not knowing what had become of me. The other shopman was examined, and his evidence proved similar to that of the first. The day-book was sent for, and the day in August — referred to; there was a name written down on the side of the page, which the shopman said he had no doubt, indeed he could almost swear, was the gentleman's name, as there was no other name put down on that day. The name, as taken

down, was *Derbennon*. This was all the information we could obtain, and we then quitted the shop, and drove off without there being any recognition of me on the part of Mr. Pleggit and his assistants.

“I never heard that name before,” observed Harcourt to Mr. Masterton.

“It is, in all probability, De Benyon,” replied the lawyer; “we must make allowances for their ignorance. At all events, this is a sort of clue to follow up. The De Benyons are Irish.”

“Then I will set off for Ireland to-morrow morning, sir,” said I.

“You will do no such thing,” replied the lawyer; “but you will call upon me to-morrow evening, and perhaps I may have something to say to you.”

I did not fail to attend Mr. Masterton, who stated that he had made every inquiry relative to the De Benyons; as he had said, they were an Irish family of the highest rank, and hold-

ing the peerage of De Beauvoir ; but that he had written to his agent in Dublin, giving him directions to obtain for him every possible information in his power relative to all the individuals composing it. Till this had been received, all that I could do was to remain quiet. I then narrated to him the behaviour of the agent, Mr. Iving, to Timothy. "There is some mystery there, most assuredly," observed Mr. Masterton ; "when do you go again to ——?"

I replied, that it was not my intention to go there for some time, unless he would wish to see the little girl.

"I do, Newland. I think I must take her under my protection as well as you. We will go down to-morrow. Sunday is the only day I can spare ; but it must be put down as a work of charity."

The next day we went down to —— . Fleta was surprised to see me so soon, and Mr. Masterton was much struck with the elegance and

classical features of my little protégée. He asked her many questions, and with his legal tact, contrived to draw from her many little points relative to her infant days, which she had, till he put his probing questions, quite forgotten. As we returned to town, he observed, "You are right, Japhet, that is no child of humble origin. Her very appearance contradicts it; but we have, I think, a chance of discovering who she is—a better one, I'm afraid, than at present we have for your identification. But never mind, let us trust to perseverance."

For three weeks I continued to live with Harcourt, but I did not go out much. Such was the state of my affairs, when Timothy came to my room one morning, and said, "I do not know whether you have observed it, sir; but there is a man constantly lurking about here, watching the house, I believe. I think, but still I'm not quite sure, that I have

seen his face before ; but where I cannot recollect."

" Indeed, what sort of a person may he be ?"

" He is a very dark man, stout, and well made ; and is dressed in a sort of half-sailor, half-gentleman's dress, such as you see put on by those who belong to the Funny Clubs on the river ; but he is not at all a gentleman himself—quite the contrary. It is now about a week that I have seen him, every day ; and I have watched him, and perceive that he generally follows you as soon as you go out."

" Well," replied I, " we must find out what he wants—if we can. Point him out to me ; I will soon see if he is tracing my steps."

Timothy pointed him out to me after breakfast ; I could not recollect the face, and yet it appeared that I had seen it before. I went out, and after passing half a dozen streets, I turned round and perceived that the man was dodging me. I took no notice, but being re-

solved to try him again, I walked to the White Horse Cellar, and took a seat inside a Brentford coach about to start. On my arrival at Brentford I got out, and perceived that the man was on the roof. Of a sudden it flashed on my memory—it was the gipsy who had come to the camp with the communication to Melchior, which induced him to quit it. I recollected him—and his kneeling down by the stream and washing his face. The mystery was solved—Melchior had employed him to find out the residence of Fleta. In all probability they had applied to the false address given by Timothy, and in consequence were trying, by watching my motions, to find out the true one. “You shall be deceived, at all events,” thought I, as I walked on through Brentford until I came to a ladies’ seminary. I rang the bell, and was admitted, stating my wish to know the terms of the school for a young lady, and contrived to make as long a stay as I could, promising to call again, if the relatives of the young lady

were as satisfied as I professed to be. On my quitting the house, I perceived that my gipsy attendant was not far off. I took the first stage back, and returned to my lodgings. When I had told all that had occurred to Timothy, he replied, "I think, sir, that if you could replace me for a week or two, I could now be of great service. He does not know me, and if I were to darken my face, and put on a proper dress, I think I should have no difficulty in passing myself off as one of the tribe, knowing their slang, and having been so much with them."

"But what good do you anticipate, Timothy?"

"My object is to find out where he puts up, and to take the same quarters—make his acquaintance, and find out who Melchior is, and where he lives. My knowledge of him and Nattée may perhaps assist me."

"You must be careful then, Timothy; for he may know sufficient of our history to suspect you."

“ Let me alone, sir. Do you like my proposal ?”

“ Yes, I do ; you may commence your arrangements immediately.”

CHAPTER XV.

I set off on a wild goose chase—and fall in with an old friend.

THE next morning Timothy had procured me another valet, and throwing off his liveries, made his appearance in the evening, sending up to say a man wished to speak to me. He was dressed in highlow boots, worsted stockings, greasy leather small clothes, a shag waistcoat, and a blue frock overall. His face was stained of a dark olive, and when he was ushered in, Harcourt, who was sitting at table with me, had not the slightest recognition of him. As

Harcourt knew all my secrets, I had confided this; I had not told him what Timothy's intentions were, as I wished to ascertain whether his disguise was complete. I had merely said I had given Timothy leave for a few days.

"Perhaps you may wish me away for a short time," said Harcourt, looking at Tim.

"Not at all, my dear Harcourt, why should I? There's nobody here but you and Timothy."

"Timothy! excellent—upon my word, I never should have known him."

"He is going forth on his adventures."

"And if you please, sir, I will lose no time. It is now dark, and I know where the gipsy hangs out."

"Success attend you then; but be careful, Tim. You had better write to me, instead of calling."

"I had the same idea; and now I wish you a good evening."

When Timothy quitted the room, I explained

our intentions to Harcourt. "Yours is a strange adventurous sort of life, Newland; you are constantly plotted against, and plotting in your turn—mines and counter-mines. I have an idea that you will turn out some grand personage after all; for if not, why should there be all this trouble about you?"

"The trouble, in the present case, is all about Fleta; who must, by your argument, turn out some grand personage."

"Well, perhaps she may. I should like to see that little girl, Newland."

"That cannot be just now, for reasons you well know; but some other time it will give me great pleasure."

On the second day after Tim's departure, I received a letter from him by the twopenny post. He had made the acquaintance of the gipsy, but had not extracted any information, being as yet afraid to venture any questions. He further stated that his new companion had no objection to a glass or two, and that he had no

doubt but that if he could contrive to make him tipsy, in a few days he would have some important intelligence to communicate. I was in a state of great mental agitation during this time. I went to Mr. Masterton, and narrated to him all that had passed. He was surprised and amused, and desired me not to fail to let him have the earliest intelligence of what came to light. He had not received any answer as yet from his agent in Dublin.

It was not until eight days afterwards that I received further communication from Timothy ; and I was in a state of great impatience, combined with anxiety, lest any accident should have happened. His communication was important. He was on the most intimate footing with the man, who had proposed that he should assist him to carry off a little girl, who was at a school at Brentford. They had been consulting how this should be done, and Timothy had proposed forging a letter, desiring her to come up to town, and his carrying it as a livery servant. The man

had also other plans, one of which was to obtain an entrance into the house by making acquaintance with the servants; another, by calling to his aid some of the women of his fraternity to tell fortunes: nothing was as yet decided, but that he was resolved to obtain possession of the little girl, even if he were obliged to resort to force. In either case Timothy was engaged to assist.

When I read this, I more than congratulated myself upon the man's being on the wrong scent, and that Timothy had hit upon his scheme. Timothy continued:—that they had indulged in very deep potations last night, and that the man had not scrupled to say that he was employed by a person of large fortune, who paid well, and whom it might not be advisable to refuse, as he had great power. After some difficulty, he asked Timothy if he had ever heard the name of Melchior in his tribe. Timothy replied that he had, and that at the gathering he had seen him and his wife. Timothy at one

time thought that the man was about to reveal every thing, but of a sudden he stopped short, and gave evasive answers. To a question put by Timothy, as to where they were to take the child if they obtained possession of her, the man had replied, that she would go over the water. Such were the contents of the letter, and I eagerly awaited a further communication.

The next day I called at Long's Hotel upon a gentleman with whom I was upon intimate terms. After remaining a short time with him, I was leaving the hotel, when I was attracted by some trunks in the entrance hall. I started when I read the address of—"A. De Benyon, Esq., to be left at F——t Hotel, Dublin." I asked the waiter who was by, whether Mr. De Benyon had left the hotel. He replied that he had left it in his own carriage that morning, and having more luggage than he could take with him, had desired these trunks to be forwarded by the coach. I had by that time re-

sumed my serenity. I took out a memorandum-book, wrote down the address on the trunks, saying that I was sorry not to have seen Mr. De Benyon, and that I would write to him.

But if I composed myself before the waiter, how did my heart throb as I hastily passed through Bond Street to my home! I had made up my mind, upon what very slight grounds the reader must be aware, that this Mr. De Benyon either must be my father, or, if not, was able to tell me who was. Had not Mr. Masterton said that there was a clue—had he not written to Dublin? The case was to my excited imagination as clear as the noon-day, and before I arrived at home, I had made up my mind in what manner I should proceed. It was then about four o'clock, I hastily packed up my portmanteau—took with me all my ready money, about sixty pounds, and sent the servant to secure a place in the mail to Holyhead. He returned, stating that there was a seat taken for me. I waited till half-past five to see Har-

court, but he did not come home. I then wrote him a short note, telling him where I was going, and promising to write as soon as I arrived.

“Ireland is to be the ground of my future adventures, my dear Harcourt. Call upon Mr. Masterton, and tell him what I have done, which he surely will approve. Open Timothy’s letters, and let me have their contents. I leave you to arrange and act for me in every respect until I return. In the mean time believe me,

“Ever yours,

“J. NEWLAND.”

I gave the letter to the valet, and calling a coach drove to the office, and in less than five minutes afterwards was rolling away to Holyhead, felicitating myself upon my promptitude and decision, little imagining to what the step I had taken was to lead.

It was a very dark night in November when

I started on my expedition. There were three other passengers in the mail, none of whom had yet spoken a word, although we had made several miles of our journey. Muffled up in my cloak, I indulged in my own reveries as usual, building up castles which toppled over one after another as I built and rebuilt again. At last one of the passengers blew his nose, as if to give warning that he was about to speak; and then inquired of the gentleman next him if he had seen the evening newspapers. The other replied in the negative. "It would appear that Ireland is not in a very quiet state, sir," observed the first.

"Did you ever read the history of Ireland?" inquired the other.

"Not very particularly."

"Then, sir, if you were to take that trouble, you will find that Ireland, since it was first peopled, never has been in a quiet state, nor perhaps ever will. It is a species of human volcano—always either smoking, burning, or breaking out into eruptions and fire."

“Very true, sir,” replied the other. “I am told the White Boys are mustering in large numbers, and that some of the districts are quite impassable.”

“Sir, if you had travelled much in Ireland, you would have found out that many of the districts are quite impassable, without the impediment of the White Boys.”

“You have been a great deal in Ireland then, sir,” replied the other.

“Yes, sir,” said the other with a consequential air, “I believe I may venture to say that I am in charge of some of the most considerable properties in Ireland.”

“Lawyer—agent—five per cent.—and so on,” muttered the third party, who sate by me, and had not yet spoken.

There was no mistaking him—it was my former master, Mr. Cophagus; and I cannot say that I was very well pleased at this intimation of his presence, as I took it for granted that he would recognise me as soon as it was

daylight. The conversation continued, without any remarks being made upon this interruption on the part of Mr. Cophagus. The agent, it appeared, had been called to London on business, and was returning. The other was a professor of music bound to Dublin on speculation. What called Mr. Cophagus in that direction I could not comprehend; but I thought I would try and find out. I therefore, while the two others were engaged in conversation, addressed him in a low tone of voice. "Can you tell me, sir, if the College at Dublin is considered good for the instruction of surgical pupils?"

"Country good, at all events plenty of practice—broken heads—and so on."

"Have you ever been in Ireland, sir?"

"Ireland!—never—don't wish to go—must go—old women will die—executor—botheration—and so on."

"I hope she has left you a good legacy, sir," replied I.

“ Legacy—humph—can’t tell—silver tea-pot—suit of black, and so on. Long journey—won’t pay—can’t be helped—old women always troublesome alive or dead—bury her, come back —and so on.”

CHAPTER XVI.

I deny my master.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Cophagus was very communicative in his own way, he had no curiosity with regard to others, and the conversation dropped. The other two had also asked all the questions which they wished, and we all, as if by one agreement, fell back in our seats, and shut our eyes, to court sleep. I was the only one who wooed it in vain. Day broke, my companions were all in repose, and I discontinued my reveries, and examined their physiognomies. Mr. Cophagus was the first to whom I directed my attention. He was much the same in face as when I had left him, but considerably

thinner in person. His head was covered with a white night cap, and he snored with emphasis. The professor of music was a very small man, with mustachios; his mouth was wide open, and one would have thought that he was in the full execution of a bravura. The third person, who had stated himself to be an agent, was a heavy, full-faced, coarse-looking personage, with his hat over his eyes, and his head bent down on his chest, and I observed that he had a small packet in one of his hands, with his fore finger twisted through the string. I should not have taken further notice, had not the name of *T. Iving*, in the corner of the side on which was the direction, attracted my attention. It was the name of Melchior's London correspondent, who had attempted to bribe Timothy. This induced me to look down and read the direction of the packet, and I clearly deciphered, Sir Henry De Clare, Bart. Mount Castle, Connemara. I took out my tablets, and wrote down the address. I certainly had

no reason for so doing, except that nothing should be neglected, as there was no saying what might turn out. I had hardly replaced my tablets when the party awoke, made a sort of snatch at the packet, as if recollecting it, and wishing to ascertain if it were safe, looked at it, took off his hat, let down the window, and then looked round upon the other parties.

“Fine morning, sir,” said he to me, perceiving that I was the only person awake.

“Very,” replied I. “very fine; but I had rather be walking over the mountains of Connemara, than be shut up in this close and confined conveyance.”

“Hah! you know Connemara, then? I’m going there; perhaps you are also bound to that part of the country? but you are not Irish.”

“I was not born or bred in Ireland, certainly,” replied I.

“So I should say. Irish blood in your veins, I presume.”

“ I believe such to be the case,” replied I, with a smile, implying certainty.

“ Do you know Sir Henry de Clare ?”

“ Sir Henry de Clare—of Mount Castle—is he not ?”

“ The same ; I am going over to him. I am agent for his estates, among others. A very remarkable man. Have you ever seen his wife ?”

“ I really cannot tell,” replied I ; “ let me call to mind.”

I had some how or another formed an idea, that Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior might be one and the same person ; nothing was too absurd or improbable for my imagination, and I had now means of bringing home my suspicions. “ I think,” continued I, “ I recollect her—that is, she is a very tall, handsome woman, dark eyes and complexion.”

“ The very same,” replied he.

My heart bounded at the information ; it certainly was not any clue to my own parentage,

but it was an object of my solicitude, and connected with the welfare of Fleta. "If I recollect right," observed I, "there are some curious passages in the life of Sir Henry?"

"Nothing very particular," observed the agent, looking out of the window.

"I thought that he had disappeared for some time."

"Disappeared! he certainly did not live in Ireland, because he had quarrelled with his brother. He lived in England until his brother's death."

"How did his brother die, sir?"

"Killed by a fall when hunting," replied the agent. "He was attempting to clear a stone wall, the horse fell back on him, and dislocated his spine. I was on the spot when the accident happened."

I recollected the imperfect communication of Fleta, who had heard the gipsy say that "he was dead;" and also the word *horse* made use of, and I now felt convinced that I had found

out Melchior. "Sir Henry, if I recollect right, has no family," observed I.

"No; and I am afraid there is but little chance."

"Had the late baronet, his elder brother, any family?"

"What, Sir William? No; or Sir Henry would not have come into the title."

"He might have had daughters," replied I.

"Very true; now I think of it, there was a girl, who died when young."

"Is the widow of Sir William alive?"

"Yes; and a very fine woman she is; but she has left Ireland since her husband's death."

I did not venture to ask any more questions. Our conversation had roused Mr. Cophagus and the other passenger; and as I had reflected how I should behave in case of recognition, I wished to be prepared for him. "You have had a good nap, sir," said I, turning to him.

"Nap—yes—coach nap, bad—head sore—

and so on. Why—bless me—Japhet—Japhet New—yes—it is.”

“Do you speak to me, sir?” inquired I, with a quiet air.

“Speak to you—yes—bad memory—hip! quite forgot—old master—shop in Smithfield—mad bull—and so on.”

“Really, sir,” replied I, “I am afraid you mistake me for some other person.”

Mr. Cophagus looked very hard at me, and perceiving that there was no alteration in my countenance, exclaimed, “Very odd—same nose—same face—same age too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake—and so on.”

Satisfied with the discomfiture of Mr. Cophagus, I turned round, when I perceived the Irish agent, with whom I had been in conversation, eyeing me most attentively. As I said before, he was a hard-featured man, and his small grey eye was now fixed upon me, as if it would have pierced me through. I felt confused for a mo-

ment, as the scrutiny was unexpected from that quarter ; but a few moments reflection told me, that if Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior were the same person, and this man his agent, in all probability he had not been sent to England for nothing ; that if he was in search of Fleta, he must have heard of my name, and perhaps something of my history. " I appear to have a great likeness to many people," observed I, to the agent, smiling. " It was but the other day I was stopped in Bond Street as a Mr. Rawlinson."

" Not a very common face either, sir," observed the agent ; " if once seen not easily forgotten, nor easily mistaken for another."

" Still such appears to be the case," replied I, carelessly.

We now stopped to take refreshment. I had risen from the table, and was going into the passage, when I perceived the agent looking over the way-bill with the guard. As soon as he perceived me, he walked out in front of the

inn. Before the guard had put up the bill, I requested to look at it, wishing to ascertain if I had been booked in my own name. It was so. The four names were, Newland, Cophagus, Baltzi, M'Dermott. I was much annoyed at this circumstance. M'Dermott was, of course, the name of the agent; and that was all the information I received in return for my own exposure, which I now considered certain; I determined, however, to put a good face on the matter, and when we returned to the coach, again entered into conversation with Mr. M'Dermott, but I found him particularly guarded in his replies whenever I spoke about Sir Henry or his family, and I could not obtain any further information. Mr. Cophagus could not keep his eyes off me—he peered into my face—then he would fall back in the coach. “Odd—very odd—must be—no—says not—um.” In about another half hour, he would repeat his examination, and mutter to himself. At last, as if tormented with his doubts, he exclaimed, “Beg pardon—but—you have a name?”

“Yes,” replied I, “I have a name.”

“Well, then—not ashamed. What is it?”

“My name, sir,” replied I, “is Newland;” for I had resolved to acknowledge to my name, and fall back upon a new line of defence.

“Thought so—don’t know me—don’t recollect shop—Mr. Brookes’s—Tim—rudiments—and so on.”

“I have not the least objection to tell you my name; but I am afraid you have the advantage in your recollection of me. Where may I have had the honour of meeting you?”

“Meeting—what, quite forgot—Smithfield?”

“And pray, sir, where may Smithfield be?”

“Very odd—can’t comprehend—same name, same face—don’t recollect me, don’t recollect Smithfield?”

“It may be very odd, sir; but, as I am very well known in London, at the west end, perhaps we have met there. Lord Windermear’s perhaps—Lady Maelstrom’s?”—and I continued mentioning about a dozen of the most fashionable

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names. "At all events, you appear to have the advantage of me ; but I trust you will excuse my want of memory, as my acquaintance is very extensive."

"I see—quite a mistake—same name, not same person—beg pardon, sir—apologies—and so on," replied the apothecary, drawing in a long sigh.

CHAPTER XVII.

I turn lawyer.

I WATCHED the countenance of the agent, who appeared at last to be satisfied that there had been some mistake; at least he became more communicative, and as I no longer put any questions to him relative to Sir Henry, we had a long conversation. I spoke to him about the De Benyons, making every inquiry that I could think of. He informed me that the deceased earl, the father of the present, had many sons, who were some of them married, and that the family was extensive. He appeared to know them all, the professions which they had been

brought up to, and their careers in life. I treasured up his information, and, as soon as I had an opportunity, wrote down all which he had told me. On our arrival at Holyhead, the weather was very boisterous, and the packet was to depart immediately. Mr. M'Dermott stated his intentions to go over, but Mr. Cophagus and the professor declined, and, anxious as I was to proceed, I did not wish to be any longer in company with the agent, and, therefore, also declined going on board. Mr. M'Dermott called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it off in haste, and then, followed by the porter, with his luggage, went down to embark.

As soon as he was gone, I burst into a fit of laughter. "Well, Mr. Cophagus, acknowledge that it is possible to persuade a man out of his senses. You knew me, and you were perfectly right in asserting that I was Japhet, yet did I persuade you at last that you were mistaken. But I will explain to you why I did so."

"All right," said the apothecary, taking my

proffered hand, "thought so—no mistake—handsome fellow—so you are—Japhet Newland—my apprentice—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I, laughing, "I am Japhet Newland." (I turned round, hearing a noise, the door had been opened, and Mr. M'Dermott had just stepped in; he had returned for an umbrella, which he had forgotten; he looked at me, at Mr. Cophagus, who still held my hand in his, turned short round, said nothing, and walked out.) "This is unfortunate," observed I, "my reason for not avowing myself, was to deceive that very person, and now I have made the avowal to his face; however, it cannot be helped."

I sat down with my old master, and as I knew that I could confide in him, gave him an outline of my life, and stated my present intentions.

"I see, Japhet, I see—done mischief—sorry for it—can't be help'd—do all I can—um—what's to be done?—be your friend—always like you—help all I can—and so on."

“ But what would you advise, sir ? ”

“ Advice—bad as physic—nobody takes it—Ireland—wild place—no law—better go back—leave all to me—find out—and so on.”

This advice I certainly could not consent to follow.

We argued the matter over for some time, and then it was agreed that we should proceed together. I was informed by Mr. Cophagus that he had retired with a very handsome fortune, and was living in the country, about ten miles from the metropolis; that he had been summoned to attend the funeral of a maiden aunt in Dublin, who had left him executor and residuary legatee, but that he knew nothing of her circumstances. He was still a bachelor, and amused himself in giving advice and medicines gratis to the poor people of the village in which he resided, there being no resident practitioner within some distance. He liked the country very much, but there was one objection to it—the *cattle*. He had not forgotten the *mad bull*.

At a very late hour we retired to our beds: the next morning the weather had moderated, and, on the arrival of the mail we embarked, and had a very good passage over. On my arrival at Dublin I directed my steps to the F—— Hotel, as the best place to make inquiries relative to Mr. De Benyon. Mr. Cophagus also put up at the same hotel, and we agreed to share a sitting-room.

“Waiter,” said I, “do you know a Mr. De Benyon?”

“Yes, sir,” replied he; “there is one of the De Benyons at the hotel at this moment.”

“Is he a married man?”

“Yes—with a large family.”

“What is his Christian name?”

“I really cannot tell, sir; but I’ll find out for you by to-morrow morning.”

“When does he leave?”

“To-morrow, I believe.”

“Do you know where he goes?”

“Yes, sir, to his own seat.”

The waiter left the room. "Won't do, Japhet," said Cophagus. "Large family—don't want more—hard times, and so on."

"No," replied I, "it does not exactly answer; but I may from him obtain further intelligence."

"Won't do, Japhet—try another way—large family—want all uncle's money—um—never tell—good night."

This remark of Mr. Cophagus gave me an idea, upon which I proceeded the next morning. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of speaking to Mr. De Benyon, stating that I had come over to Ireland on business of importance, but that, as I must be back if possible by *term* time, it would perhaps save much expense and trouble. The waiter took in the message. "Back by term time—it must be some legal gentleman. Show him up," said Mr. De Benyon.

I walked in with a business-like-air. "Mr. De Benyon, I believe?"

“ Yes, sir ; will you do me the favour to take a chair ? ”

I seated myself, and drew out my memorandum book. “ My object, Mr. De Benyon, in troubling you, is to ascertain a few particulars relative to your family, which we cannot so easily find out in England. There is a *property* which it is supposed may be claimed by one of the De Benyons, but which we cannot ascertain until we have a little search into the genealogical tree.”

“ Is the property large ? ” inquired Mr. De Benyon.

“ Not very large,” replied I ; “ but still a very handsome property, I am told.” The reader may surmise that the property referred to was my own pretty self. “ May I ask you a few particulars relative to the present earl and his brothers ? ”

“ Most certainly, sir,” replied Mr. De Benyon ; “ any information I can give you will be at your

service. The Earl has four brothers. The eldest Maurice."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, and has two children. The next is William.

Is he married?"

"No; nor has he ever been. He is a general in the army. The third is myself, Henry."

"You are married, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, with a large family."

"May I request you will proceed, sir?"

"Arthur is the fourth brother. He is lately married, and has two children."

"Sir, I feel much obliged to you; it is a curious and intricate affair. As I am here, I may as well ask one question, although not of great consequence. The earl is married, I perceive, by the peerage, but I do not find that he has any children."

"On the contrary, he has two—and prospects of more. May I now request the particulars connected with this property?"

“The exact particulars, sir, I cannot well tell you, as I am not acquainted with them myself; but the property in question, I rather think, depends upon a *name*. May I venture to ask the names of all your children?”

Mr. De Benyon gave me a list *seriatim*, which I put down with great gravity.

“Of course, there is no doubt of your second brother not being married. I believe we ought to have a certificate. Do you know his address?”

“He has been in the East Indies for many years. He returned home on furlough, and has now just sailed again for Calcutta.”

“That is unfortunate; we must forward a letter through the India Board. May I also be favoured with your address, as in all probability it may be advisable?”

Mr. De Benyon gave me his address. I rose, promised to give him all the particulars as soon as they were known to me, bowed, and made my exit. To one who was in his sober senses,

there certainly was not any important information gained ; but to me, it was evident that the Mr. De Benyon who was a general in the army was to be interrogated, and I had almost made up my mind to set off for Calcutta.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I affront an Irish gentleman and make a handsome apology, which is accepted.

BEFORE I had gained my own room, I informed Mr. Cophagus, who had just returned from a visit to his maiden aunt's house, of what had passed.

“ Can't see any thing in it, Japhet—wild goose chase—who told you?—oh ! Pleggit's men—sad liars—De Benyon not name, depend upon it—all stuff, and so on.”

And when I reflected, I could but acknowledge that the worthy apothecary might be right, and, that I was running after shadows ; but this was only in my occasional fits of despondency.

I soon rallied, and was as sanguine as ever. Undecided how to proceed, and annoyed by what Cophagus had said, I quitted the hotel, to walk out, in no very good humour. As I went out, I perceived the agent M'Dermott speaking to the people in the bar, and the sight of him reminded me of what, for a moment, I had forgotten, which was, to ascertain whether Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare were one and the same person. As I passed a crossing, a man in tattered habiliments, who was sweeping it, asked for alms, but being in no very charitable humour, I walked on. He followed me, pestering me so much, that I gave him a tap with the cane in my hand, saying to him, "Be off, you scoundrel."

"Oh! very well. Be off, is it you mane? By the blood of the O'Rourkes but you'll answer for that same, any how."

I passed on, and having perambulated the city of Dublin for some time, returned to the hotel. A few minutes afterwards, I was told

by the waiter that a Mr. O'Donaghan wished to speak to me. "I have not the honour of his acquaintance," replied I, "but you may show him up."

Mr. O'Donaghan, entered, a tall, thick-whiskered personage, in a shabby-genteel dress, evidently not made for him, a pair of white cotton gloves, and a small stick. "I believe that I have the honour of spaking to the gentleman who crossed over the street about two hours ago?"

"Upon my word, sir," replied I, "that is so uncertain a definition, that I can hardly pretend to say whether I am the person you mean; indeed, from not having the pleasure of any one's acquaintance in Dublin, I rather think there must be some mistake."

"The devil a bit of a mistake, at all at all; for there's the little bit of a cane with which you paid my friend, Mr. O'Rourke, the compliment over his shoulders."

"I really am quite mystified, sir, and do

not understand you ; will you favour me with an explanation ? ”

“ With all the pleasure in life, for then we shall come to a right understanding. You were crossing the street, and a gentleman, a particular friend of mine, with a broom which he carries for his own amusement, did himself the honour to address you, whereupon of that same little stick of yours, you did him the honour to give him a slight taste.”

“ What do you mean ? do you refer to the sweeper, who was so importunate when I crossed over the road ? ”

“ Then, by the powers, you’ve just hit it, as you did him. That’s my particular friend, Thaddeus O’Rourke, gentleman.”

“ Gentleman ! ” exclaimed I.

“ And with as good and as true Milesian blood as any in Ireland. If you think, sir, that because my friend, just for his own amusement, thinks proper to put on the worst of his clothes and carry a broom, just by way of exer-

cise, to prevent his becoming too lusty, he is therefore to be struck like a hound, it's a slight mistake, that's all; and here, sir, is his card, and you will oblige me by mentioning any friend of yours with whom I may settle all the little points necessary before the meeting of two gentlemen."

"I could hardly refrain from laughing at this Irish gentleman and his friend, but I thought it advisable to retain my countenance. "My dear sir," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart that I should have committed such an error, in not perceiving the gentility of your friend; had I not been so careless, I certainly should have requested him to do me the honour to accept a shilling, instead of having offered him the insult. I hope it is not now too late?"

"By the powers, I'm not one of those harum-scarum sort, who would make up a fight when there's no occasion for it, and as your 'haviour is that of a gentleman, I think it will perhaps be better to shake hands upon it, and forget it

altogether. Suppose, now, we'll consider that it was all a mistake? You give the shilling, as you intended to do, I'll swear, only you were in so great a hurry—and then, perhaps, you'll not object to throw in another shilling for that same tap with the cane, just to wipe off the insult as it were, as we do our sins, when we fork out the money, and receive absolution from the padre; and then, perhaps, you will not think it too much if I charge another shilling for my time and trouble, for carrying a message between two gentlemen."

"On the contrary, Mr. O'Donaghan, I think all your demands are reasonable. Here is the money."

Mr. O'Donaghan, took the three shillings. "Then, sir, and many thanks to you, I'll wish you a good evening, and Mr. O'Rourke shall know from me that you have absolution for the whole, and that you have offered every satisfaction which one gentleman could expect from another." So saying, Mr. O'Donaghan put his

hat on with a firm cock, pulled on his gloves, manœuvred his stick, and, with a flourishing bow, took his departure.

I had hardly dismissed this gentleman, and was laughing to myself at the ridiculous occurrence, when Mr. Cophagus returned, first putting his cane up to his nose with an arch look, and then laying it down on the table and rubbing his hands. "Good—warm old lady. No—dead and cold—but left some thousands—only one legacy—old Tom cat—physic him to-morrow—soon die, and so on."

On a more full explanation, I found that the old lady had left about nine thousand pounds in the funds and bank securities, all of which, with the exception of twenty pounds per annum to a favourite cat, was left to Mr. Cophagus. I congratulated him upon this accession of fortune. He stated that the lease of the house and the furniture were still to be disposed of, and that afterwards he should have nothing more to do ; but he wished me very much to assist him

in rummaging over the various cabinets belonging to the old lady, and which were full of secret drawers; that in one cabinet alone he had found upwards of fifty pounds in various gold coins, and that if not well examined, they would probably be sold with many articles of consequence remaining in them.

As my only object in Ireland was to find out Sir Henry de Clare, and identify him, (but, really, why I could not have said, as it would have proved nothing after all,) I willingly consented to devote a day to assist Mr. Cophagus in his examination. The next morning after breakfast, we went together to the house of the old lady, whose name had been Maitland, as Mr. Cophagus informed me. Her furniture was of the most ancient description, and in every room in the house there was an or molu, or Japan cabinet; some of them were very handsome, decorated with pillars, and silver ornaments. I can hardly recount the variety of articles, which in all pro-

bability had been amassed during the whole of the old lady's life, commencing with her years of childhood, and ending with the day of her death. There were antique ornaments, some of considerable value, miniatures, fans, étuis, notes, of which the ink, from time, had turned to a light red, packages of letters of her various correspondents in her days of hope and anticipation, down to those of solitude and age. We looked over some of them, but they appeared to both of us to be sacred, and they were, after a slight examination, committed to the flames.

After we had examined all the apparent receptacles in these cabinets, we took them up between us, and shook them, and in most cases found out that there were secret drawers containing other treasures. There was one packet of letters which caught my eye, it was from a Miss De Benyon. I seized it immediately, and showed the inscription to Mr. Cophagus. "Pooh—nothing at all—her mother was a De Benyon."

"Have you any objection to my looking at these letters?"

"No—read—nothing in them."

I laid them on one side, and we proceeded in our search, when Mr. Cophagus took up a sealed packet. "Heh! what's this—De Benyon again? Japhet, look here."

I took the packet; it was sealed, and tied with red tape. "Papers belonging to Lieutenant William de Benyon, to be returned to him at my decease." "Alice Maitland, *with great care*," was written at the bottom of the envelope.

"This is it, my dear sir," cried I, jumping up and embracing Mr. Cophagus; "these are the papers which I require. May I keep them?"

"Mad—quite mad—go to Bedlam—strait waistcoat head shaved, and so on."

CHAPTER XIX.

I am not content with minding my own business, but must have a hand in that of others, by which means I put my foot in it.

HE then, after his own fashion, told me, that as executor, he must retain those papers ; pointed out to me the little probability there was of their containing any information relative to my birth, even allowing that a person of the name of De Benyon did call at the Foundling to ask for me, which was only a supposition ; and, finally, overthrew all the hopes which had been, for so many days, buoying me up. When he had finished, I threw myself upon the sofa in

despair, and wished, at the moment, that I had never been born. Still hope again rose uppermost, and I would have given all I possessed to have been able to break open the seals of that packet, and have read the contents. At one moment I was so frantic, that I was debating whether I should not take them from Mr. Cophagus by force, and run off with them. At last I rose, and commenced reading the letters which I had put aside, but there was nothing in them but the trifling communications of two young women, who mentioned what was amusing to them, but uninteresting to those who were not acquainted with the parties.

When we had finished, Mr. Cophagus collected all together, and putting them into a box, we returned in a coach to the hotel. The next day Mr. Cophagus had completed all his arrangements, and the day following had determined to return to England. I walked with him down to the vessel, and watched it for an hour after it had sailed, for it bore away a packet of papers,

which I could not help imagining were to discover the secret which I was so eager in pursuit of. A night's sleep made me more rational, and I now resolved to ascertain where Sir Henry de Clare, or Melchior, as I felt certain he must be, was to be found. I sent for the waiter, and asked him if he could inform me. He immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave his address, Mount Castle, Connemara, asking me when I intended to set out. It did not strike me till afterwards, that it was singular that he should be so well acquainted with the address, and that he should have produced a card with it written upon it; or, moreover, that he should know that it was my intention to go there. I took the address, and desired that I might have horses ready very early the next morning. I then sat down and wrote a letter to Harcourt, informing him of my proceedings, also one to Mr. Masterton much more explicit, lastly to Timothy, to the care of Harcourt, requesting him to let me know what had occurred between

him and the gipsies. After dinner, I packed up ready for my journey, and having settled my bill, I was not sorry to retire to my bed.

At daylight I was, as I requested, called by the waiter, and taking with me only a very small portmanteau, having left the rest of my effects in the charge of the people who kept the hotel, I set off in a post-chaise on my expedition. I was soon clear of the city, and on a fine smooth road, and, as I threw myself back in the corner of the chaise, I could not help asking myself the question—what was the purport of my journey? As the reader will perceive, I was wholly governed by impulses, and never allowed reason or common sense to stand in the way of my feelings. “What have I to do?” replied I to myself; “to find out if Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare be not one and the same person. And what then? What then?—why then I may find out something relative to Fleta’s parentage. Nay, but is that likely—if, as you suppose, Melchior is Sir Henry

de Clare—if, as you suppose, it is he who is now trying to find out and carry off Fleta—is it probable that you will gain any information from him? I have an idea that Fleta is the little girl said to have died, who was the child of his elder brother. Why so? What interest could Melchior have in stealing his own niece? That I cannot tell. Why did Nattée give me the necklace? I cannot tell; she would hardly betray her husband. At all events, there is a mystery, and it can only be unravelled by being pulled at; and I may learn something by meeting Melchior, whereas, I shall learn nothing by remaining quiet.” This last idea satisfied me, and for many hours I remained in a train of deep thought, only checked by paying for the horses at the end of every stage.

It was now past twelve o'clock, when I found that it was necessary to change the chaise at every post. The country also, as well as the roads, had changed much for the worse. Cultivation was not so great, the roads were moun-

tainous, and civilisation generally disappeared. It was nearly dark when I arrived at the last post, from whence I was to take horses to Mount Castle. As usual, the chaise also was to be changed ; and I could not help observing that each change was from bad to worse. Rope harness was used, and the vehicles themselves were of the most crazy condition. Still I had travelled very fairly, for an Irish postillion knows how to make an Irish horse go a very fair pace. I descended from the chaise, and ordered another out immediately. To this there was no reply, except, " Wait, your honour ; step in a moment, and rest from your fatigue a little." Presuming this was merely to give them time to get ready, I walked into the room of the inn, which indeed was very little better than a hovel, and sat down by the turf fire in company with some others, whom I could hardly distinguish for smoke. I paid the chaise and postillion, and soon afterwards heard it drive off, on its way back. After a few minutes I inquired if the chaise was getting ready.

"Is it the chaise your honour means?" said the landlady.

"Yes," replied I, "a chaise on to Mount Castle."

"Then I am sorry that your honour must wait a little; for our chaise, and the only one which we have, is gone to the castle, and wont be back till long after the moon is up. What will your honour please to take?"

"Not back till moonlight," replied I; "why did you not say so? and I would have gone on with the other."

"Is it with the other you mane, your honour? Then if Teddy Driscoll could make his horses go one step farther than our door, may I never have a soul to be saved. Will your honour please to sit in the little room? Kathleen shall light a fire."

Vexed as I was with the idea of passing the night in this horrid place, there was no help for it; so I took up my portmanteau and followed the landlady to a small room, if it deserved the

appellation, which had been built after the cottage, and a door broken through the wall into it. Ceiling there was none, it had only lean-to rafters, with tiles over head. I took a seat on the only stool that was in the room, and 'leant my elbow on the table in no very pleasant humour, when I heard the girl say, "And why don't you let him go on to the castle? Sure the chaise is in the yard, and the horses are in the stable."

"There's orders 'gainst it, Kathleen," replied the landlady. "Mr. M'Dermott was here this blessed day, and who can deny him?"

"Who is he then?" replied the girl.

"An attorney with a warrant against Sir Henry; and, moreover, they say that he's coming to 'strain upon the cattle of Jerry O'Toole for the tithes."

"He's a bould young chap, at all events," replied the girl, "to come here all by himself."

"Oh! but it's not till to-morrow morning, and then we'll have the troops here to assist him."

“ And does Jerry O’Toole know of this ?”

“ Sure enough he does ; and I hope there’ll be no murder committed in my house this blessed night. But what can a poor widow do when M’Dermott holds up his finger ? Now, go light the fire, Kathleen, and see if the poor young man wants any thing ; it’s a burning pity that he shouldn’t have something to comfort him before his misfortunes fall upon him.”

Kathleen made no reply. The horror that I felt at this discourse may easily be imagined. That it was intended that I should meet with, foul play was certain, and I knew very well that, in such a desolate part of the country, the murder of an individual, totally unknown, would hardly be noticed. That I had been held up to the resentment of the inhabitants as a tithe collector and an attorney with a warrant, was quite sufficient, I felt conscious, to induce them to make away with me. How to undeceive them was the difficulty.

CHAPTER XX.

No hopes of rising next morning alive, as a last chance—I get into bed.

KATHLEEN came in with fuel to light the fire, and looking rather hard at me, passed by, and was soon busy blowing up the turf. She was a very handsome dark-eyed girl, about nineteen years of age, stout and well made. “What is your name?” said I.

“Kathleen, at your service, sir.”

“Listen to me, Kathleen,” said I, in a low voice. “You are a woman, and all women are kind-hearted. I have overheard all that passed between your mistress and you, and that

M'Dermott has stated that I am a tithe collector and an attorney, with a warrant. I am no such thing. I am a gentleman who wish to speak to Sir Henry de Clare on a business which he does not like to be spoken to about ; and to show you what I say is the truth, it is about the daughter of his elder brother, who was killed when hunting, and who is supposed to be dead. I am the only evidence to the contrary ; and, therefore, he and M'Dermott have spread this report that I may come to harm."

"Is she alive, then?" replied Kathleen, looking up to me with wonder.

"Yes; and I will not tell Sir Henry where she is, and that is the reason of their enmity."

"But I saw her body," replied the girl in a low voice, standing up, and coming close to me.

"It was not her's, depend upon it," replied I, hardly knowing what to answer to this assertion.

"At all events, it was dressed in her clothes; but it was so long before it was discovered, that

we could make nothing of the features. Well, I knew the poor little thing, for my mother nursed her. I was myself brought up at the castle, and lived there till after Sir William was killed; then we were all sent away."

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" cried the landlady.

"Call for every thing you can think of one after another," whispered Kathleen, leaving the room.

"I cannot make the peat burn," said she to the landlady, after she had quitted the little room; "and the gentleman wants some whiskey."

"Go out then, and get some from the middle of the stack, Kathleen, and be quick; we have others to attend besides the tithe proctor. There's the O'Tooles all come in, and your own Corny is with them."

"My Corny, indeed!" replied Kathleen; "he's not quite so sure of that."

In a short time Kathleen returned, and brought some dry peat and a measure of whis-

key. "If what you say is true," said Kathleen, "and sure enough you're no Irish, and very young for a tithe proctor, who must grow old before he can be such a villain, you are in no very pleasant way. The O'Tooles are here, and I've an idea they mean no good; for they sit with all their heads together, whispering to each other, and all their shillelaghs by their sides."

"Tell me, Kathleen, was the daughter of Sir William a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl?"

"To be sure she was," replied Kathleen, "and like a little mountain fairy."

"Now, Kathleen, tell me if you recollect if the little girl or her mother ever wore a necklace of red beads mixed with gold."

"Yes, that my lady did; and it was on the child's neck when it was lost, and when the body was found, it was not with it. Well I recollect that, for my mother said the child must have been drowned or murdered for the sake of the gold beads."

"Then you have proved all I wished, Kathleen; and now I tell you that this little girl is alive, and that I can produce the necklace which was lost with her; and more, that she was taken away by Sir Henry himself."

"Merciful Jesus!" replied Kathleen; "the dear little child that we cried over so much."

"But now, Kathleen, I have told you this, to prove to you that I am not what M'Dermott has asserted, no doubt, with the intention that my brains shall be knocked out this night."

"And so they will, sure enough," replied Kathleen, "if you do not escape."

"But how am I to escape? and will you assist me?" And I laid down on the table ten guineas from my purse, "Take that, Kathleen, and it will help you and Corny. Now will you assist me?"

"It's Corny that will be the first to knock your brains out," replied Kathleen, "unless I can stop him. I must go now, and I'll see what can be done."

Kathleen would have departed without touching the gold; but I caught her by the wrist, collected it, and put it into her hand. "That's not like a tithe proctor, at all events," replied Kathleen; "but my heart aches, and my head swims, and what's to be done I know not." So saying, Kathleen quitted the room.

"Well, thought I," after she had left the room, "at all events, I have not been on a wrong scent this time. Kathleen has proved to me that Fleta is the daughter of the late Sir William; and if I escape this snare, Melchior shall do her justice." Pleased with my having so identified Melchior and Fleta, I fell into a train of thought, and for the first time forgot my perilous situation; but I was roused from my meditations by an exclamation from Kathleen. "No, no, Corny, nor any of ye—not now—and mother and me to witness it—it shall not be. Corny, hear me, as sure as blood's drawn, and we up to see it, so sure does Corny

O'Toole never touch this hand of mine." A pause, and whispering followed, and again all appeared to be quiet. I unstrapped my port-manteau, took out my pistols, which were loaded, re-primed them, and remained quiet, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

It was more than half an hour before Kathleen returned; she looked pale and agitated. "Keep quiet, and do not think of resistance," said she, "it is useless. I have told my mother all, and she believes you, and will risk her life to save him who has watched over the little girl whom she nursed; but keep quiet, we shall soon have them all out of the house. Corny dare not disobey me, and he will persuade the others."

She then went out again, and did not return for nearly an hour, when she was accompanied by her mother. "Kathleen has told me all, young sir," said she, "and do what we can, we will; but we hardly know what to do. To go to the castle would be madness."

“Yes,” replied I; “but cannot you give me one of your horses to return the way I came?”

“That was our intention; but I find that the O'Tooles have taken them all out of the stable to prevent me; and the house is watched. They will come at midnight and attack us, that I fully expect, and how to conceal you puzzles my poor head.”

“If they come, we can but persuade them that he has escaped,” replied Kathleen; “they will no longer watch the house, and he will then have some chance.”

“There is but one chance,” replied the mother, who took Kathleen aside, and whispered to her. Kathleen coloured to the forehead, and made no reply. “If your mother bids you, Kathleen, there can be no harm.”

“Yes; but if Corny was ——”

“He dare not,” replied the mother; “and now put this light out, and do you get into bed, sir, with your clothes on.” They led me to a

small bed-room, a miserable affair; but in that part of the country considered respectable. "Lie down there," said the mother, "and wait till we call you." They took the light away, and left me to myself and my own reflections, which were anything but pleasant. I lay awake, it might be for two hours, when I heard the sound of feet, and then a whispering under the window, and shortly afterwards a loud knocking at the door, which they were attempting to burst open. Every moment I expected that it would yield to the violence which was made use of, when the mother came down half-dressed, with a light in her hand, hastened to me, and desired me to follow her. I did so, and before she left my room, she threw the window wide open. She led me up a sort of half-stairs, half-ladder, to a small room, where I found Kathleen sitting up in her bed, and half-dressed. "O mother! mother!" cried Kathleen.

"I bid ye do it, child," replied the mother,

desiring me to creep into her daughter's bed, and cover myself up on the side next the wall.

“ Let me put on more clothes, mother.”

“ No, no, if you do, they will suspect, and will not hesitate to search. Your mother bids you.”

The poor girl was burning with shame and confusion.

“ Nay,” replied I, “ if Kathleen does not wish it, I will not buy my safety at the expense of her feelings.”

“ Yes, yes,” replied Kathleen, “ I don't mind now ; those words of yours are sufficient. Come in, quick.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Petticoat interest prevails, and I escape ; but I put my head into the lion's den.

THERE was no time for apology, and stepping over Kathleen, I buried myself under the clothes by her side. The mother then hastened down stairs, and arrived at the door just as they had succeeded in forcing it open, when in pounced a dozen men armed, with their faces blackened. "Holy Jesus! what is it that you want?" screamed the landlady.

"The blood of the tithe proctor, and that's what we'll have," replied the O'Tooles.

"Not in my house—not in my house!"

cried she. "Take him away, at all events; promise me to take him away."

"So we will, honey darlint; we'll take him out of your sight, and out of your hearing too, only show us where he may be."

"He's sleeping," replied the mother, pointing to the door of the bed-room, where I had been lying down.

The party took the light from her hand, and went into the room, where they perceived the bed empty and the window open. "Devil a bit of a proctor here any how," cried one of them, "and the window open. He's off—hurrah! my lads, he can't be far."

"By the powers! it's just my opinion, Mrs. M'Shane," replied the elder O'Toole, "that he's not quite so far off; so with your lave, or by your lave, or without your lave, we'll just have a look over the premises."

"O! and welcome, Mister Jerry O'Toole; if you think I'm the woman to hide a proctor, look everywhere just as you please."

The party, headed by Jerry O'Toole, who had taken the light out of Mrs. M'Shane's hand, now ascended the ladder to the upper story, and as I lay by Kathleen, I felt that she trembled with fear. After examining every nook and cranny they could think of, they came to Mrs. M'Shane's room, "O! go in—go in and look, Mr. O'Toole; it's a very likely thing to insinuate that I should have a tithe proctor in my bed. Search, pray," and Mrs. M'Shane led the way into her own room.

Every part had been examined, except the small sleeping room of Kathleen; and the party paused before the door. "We must search," observed O'Toole doggedly.

"Search my daughter's! very well, search if you please; it's a fine story you'll have to tell, how six great men pulled a poor girl out of her bed to look for a tithe proctor. It will be a credit to you any how; and you, Corny O'Toole, you'll stand well in her good graces, when you come to talk about the wedding day;

and your wife that is to be, pulled out of her bed by a dozen men. What will ye say to Kathleen, when you affront her by supposing that a maiden girl has a tithe procter in bed with her? D'ye think that ye'll ever have the mother's consent or blessing?"

"No one goes into Kathleen's room," cried Corny O'Toole, roused by the sarcasms of Mrs. M'Shane.

"Yes, Corny," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "it's not for a woman like me to be suspected, at all events; so you, and you only, shall go into the room, if that will content ye, Mr. Jerry O'Toole."

"Yes!" replied the party, and Mrs. M'Shane opened the door.

Kathleen rose up on her elbow, holding the bed clothes up to her throat, and looking at them, as they entered, said, "O Corny! Corny! this to me?"

Corny never thought of looking for any body, his eyes were rivetted upon his sweet-

heart. "Murder, Kathleen, is it my fault? Jerry will have it."

"Are you satisfied, Corny?" said Mrs. M'Shane.

"Sure enough I was satisfied before I came in, that Kathleen would not have any one in her bed-room," replied Corny.

"Then good night, Corny, and it's to-morrow that I'll talk with ye," replied Kathleen.

Mrs. M'Shane then walked out of the room, expecting Corny to follow; but he could not restrain himself, and he came to the bed-side. Fearful that if he put his arms round her, he would feel me, Kathleen, raised herself, and allowed him to embrace her. Fortunately the light was not in the room, or I should have been discovered, as in so doing she threw the clothes off my head and shoulders. She then pushed back Corny from her, and he left the room, shutting the door after him. The party descended the ladder, and as soon as Kathleen perceived that they were all down, she sprang

out of bed and ran into her mother's room. Soon after I heard them depart. Mrs. M'Shane made fast the door, and came up stairs. She first went to her own room, where poor Kathleen was crying bitterly from shame and excitement. I had got up when she came into Kathleen's room for her clothes, and, in about five minutes, they returned together. I was sitting on the side of the bed when they came in: the poor girl coloured up when our eyes met. "Kathleen," said I, "you have, in all probability, saved my life, and I cannot express my thanks. I am only sorry that your modesty has been put to so severe a trial."

"If Corny was to find it out," replied Kathleen, sobbing again. "How could I do such a thing!"

"Your mother bid you," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "and that is sufficient."

"But what must you think of me, sir?" continued Kathleen.

"I think that you have behaved most nobly.

You have saved an innocent man at the risk of your reputation, and the loss of your lover. It is not now that I can prove my gratitude."

"Yes, yes, promise me by all that's sacred, that you'll never mention it. Surely you would not ruin one who has tried to serve you."

"I promise you that, and I hope to perform a great deal more," replied I. "But now, Mrs. M'Shane, what is to be done? Remain here I cannot."

"No; you must leave, and that very soon. Wait about ten minutes more, and then they will give up their search and go home. The road to E———" (the post I had lately come from) "is the best you can take; and you must travel as fast as you can, for there is no safety for you here."

"I am convinced that rascal M'Dermott will not leave me till he has rid himself of me." I then took out my purse, in which I still had nearly twenty guineas. I took ten of them. "Mrs. M'Shane, I must leave you in charge of

my portmanteau, which you may forward by-and by, when you hear of my safety. If I should not be so fortunate, the money is better in your hands than in the hands of those who will murder me. Kathleen, God bless you ! you are a good girl, and Corny O'Toole will be a happy man if he knows your value."

I then wished Kathleen good by, and she allowed me to kiss her without any resistance; but the tears were coursing down her cheeks as I left the room with her mother. Mrs. M'Shane looked carefully out of the windows, holding the light to ascertain if there was any body near, and, satisfied with her scrutiny, she then opened the door, and calling down the saints to protect me, shook hands with me, and I quitted the house. It was a dark cloudy night, and when I first went out, I was obliged to grope, for I could distinguish nothing. I walked along with a pistol loaded in each hand, and gained, as I thought, the high road to E——, but I made a sad mistake; and puzzled by the

utter darkness and turnings, I took, on the contrary, the road to Mount Castle. As soon as I was clear of the houses and the enclosure, there was more light, and I could distinguish the road. I had proceeded about four or five miles, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and shortly afterwards two men rode by me. I inquired if that was the way to E——. A pause ensued, and a whisper. "All's right!" replied a deep voice. I continued my way, glad to find that I had not mistaken it, and cogitating as to what must be the purpose of two men being out at such an hour. About ten minutes afterwards I thought I again heard the sound of horses' feet, and it then occurred to me that they must be highway-men, who had returned to rob me. I cocked my pistols, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could, and awaited their coming up with anxiety; but they appeared to keep at the same distance, as the sound did not increase. After half an hour I came to two roads, and was undecided which to take. I stopped and listened—the

steps of the horses were no longer to be heard. I looked round me to ascertain if I could recognise any object so as to decide me, but I could not. I took the road to the left, and proceeded, until I arrived at a brook which crossed the road. There was no bridge, and it was too dark to perceive the stepping stones. I had just waded about half way across, when I received a blow on the head from behind, which staggered me. I turned round, but before I could see my assailant, a second blow laid me senseless in the water.

CHAPTER XXII.

Under ground but not yet dead and buried—The prospect any thing but pleasant.

WHEN my recollection returned I found myself in the dark, but where, I knew not. My head ached, and my brain reeled. I sat up for a moment to collect my senses, but the effort was too painful, I fell back, and remained in a state of half stupor. Gradually I recovered, and again sat up. I perceived that I had been lying on a bed of straw, composed of two or three trusses apparently. I felt with my extended arms on each side of me, but touched nothing. I opened my eyes, which I had closed again,

and tried to pierce through the obscurity, but in vain—all was dark as Erebus. I then rose on my feet, and extending my hands before me, walked five or six steps on one side, till I was clear of the straw, and came to a wall. I followed the wall about twenty feet, and then touched wood; groping about, I found it was a door. I then made the circuit of the walls, and discovered that the other side was built with bins for wine, which were empty, and I then found myself again at the straw upon which I had been laid. It was in a cellar no longer used—but where? Again I lay down upon the straw, and, as it may be imagined, my reflections were any thing but pleasing. “Was I in the power of M'Dermott or Melchior?” I felt convinced that I was; but my head was too painful for long thought, and after half an hour's reflection, I gave way to a sullen state of half-dreaming, half-stupor, in which the forms of M'Dermott, Kathleen, Melchior, and Fleta, passed in succession before me. How long I re-

mained in this second species of trance I cannot say, but I was roused by the light of a candle, which flashed in my eyes. I started up, and beheld Melchior in his gipsy's dress, just as when I had taken leave of him.

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for this treatment?" replied I.

"No; not to me," replied Melchior. "I do not command here; but I knew you when they brought you in insensible, and being employed in the castle, I have taken upon myself the office of your gaoler, that I might, if possible, serve you."

I felt, I knew this to be false, but a moment's reflection told me that it was better at present to temporize.

"Who then does the castle belong to, Melchior?"

"To Sir Henry de Clare."

"And what can be his object in treating me thus?"

"That I can tell you, because I am a party

concerned. You remember the little girl, Fleta, who left the gipsy camp with you—she is now somewhere under your care?”

“Well, I grant it; but I was answerable only to you about her.”

“Very true, but I was answerable to Sir Henry; and when I could only say that she was well, he was not satisfied, for family reasons now make him very anxious that she should return to him; and, indeed, it will be for her advantage, as she will in all probability be his heir, for he has satisfactorily proved that she is a near relative.”

“Grant all that, Melchior; but why did not Sir Henry de Clare write to me on the subject, and state his wishes, and his right to demand his relative? and why does he treat me in this way? Another question—how is it that he has recognised me to be the party who has charge of the little girl? Answer me those questions, Melchior, and then I may talk over the matter.”

“I will answer the last question first. He

knew your name from me, and it so happened, that a friend of his met you in the coach as you were coming to Ireland: the same person also saw you at the post-house, and gave information. Sir Henry, who is a violent man, and here has almost regal sway, determined to detain you till you surrendered up the child. You recollect, that you refused to tell his agent, the person whose address I gave you, where she was to be found, and, vexed at this, he has taken the law into his own hands."

"For which he shall smart, one of these days," replied I, "if there is law in this country."

"There is a law in England, but very little, and none that will harm Sir Henry in this part of the country. No officer would venture within five miles of the castle, I can assure you; for he knows very well that it would cost him his life; and Sir Henry never quits it from one year's end to the other. You are in his power, and all that he requires is information where

the child may be found, and an order for her being delivered to him. You cannot object to this, as he is her nearest relative. If you comply, I do not doubt but Sir Henry will make you full amends for this harsh treatment, and prove a sincere friend ever afterwards."

"It requires consideration," replied I; "at present, I am too much hurt to talk."

"I was afraid so," replied Melchior, "that was one reason why I obtained leave to speak to you. Wait a moment."

"Melchior then put the candle down on the ground, went out, and turned the key. I found, on looking round, that I was right in my conjectures. I was in a cellar, which, apparently, had long been in disuse. Melchior soon returned, followed by an old crone, who carried a basket and a can of water. She washed the blood off my head, put some salve upon the wounds, and bound them up. She then went away, leaving the basket.

"There is something to eat and drink in that

basket," observed Melchior; "but I think, Japhet, you will agree with me, that it will be better to yield to the wishes of Sir Henry, and not remain in this horrid hole."

"Very true, Melchior," replied I; "but allow me to ask you a question or two. How came you here? where is Nattée, and how is it, that after leaving the camp, I find you so reduced in circumstances, as to be serving such a man as Sir Henry de Clare?"

"A few words will explain that," replied he. "In my early days I was wild, and I am, to tell you the truth, in the power of this man; nay, I will tell you honestly, my life is in his power; he ordered me to come, and I dare not disobey him—and he retains me here."

"And Nattée?"

"Is quite well, and with me, but not very happy in her present situation; but he is a dangerous, violent, implacable man, and I dare not disobey him. I advise you as a friend, to consent to his wishes."

“That requires some deliberation,” replied I, “and I am not one of those who are to be driven. My feelings towards Sir Henry, after this treatment, are not the most amicable; besides, how am I to know that Fleta is his relative?”

“Well, I can say no more, Japhet. I wish you well out of his hands.”

“You have the power to help me, if that is the case,” said I.

“I dare not.”

“Then you are not the Melchior that you used to be,” replied I.

“We must submit to fate. I must not stay longer; you will find all that you want in the basket, and more candles, if you do not like being in the dark. I do not think I shall be permitted to come again, till to-morrow.”

Melchior then went out, locked the door after him, and I was left to my meditations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A friend in need is a friend in deed—The tables are turned and so is the key—The issue in deep tragedy.

WAS it possible that which Melchior said was true? A little reflection told me that it was all false, and that he was himself Sir Henryde Clare. I was in his power, and what might be the result? He might detain me, but he dare not murder me. Dare not! My heart sank when I considered where I was, and how easy would it be for him to despatch me, if so inclined, without any one ever being aware of my fate. I lighted a whole candle, that I might not find myself in

the dark when I rose, and exhausted in body and mind, was soon fast asleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke I was in darkness—the candle had burnt out. I groped for the basket, and examined the contents with my hands, and found a tinder-box. I struck a light, and then feeling hungry and weak, refreshed myself with the eatables it contained, which were excellent, as well as the wine. I had replaced the remainder, when the key again turned in the door, and Melchior made his appearance.

“How do you feel, Japhet, to-day?”

“To-day!” replied I; “day and night are the same to me.”

“That is your own fault,” replied he. “Have you considered what I proposed to you yesterday?”

“Yes,” replied I; “and I will agree to this. Let Sir Henry give me my liberty, come over to England, prove his relationship to Fleta, and I will give her up. What can he ask for more?”

“He will hardly consent to that,” replied Melchior; “for, once in England, you will take a warrant out against him.”

“No; on my honour I will not, Melchior.”

“He will not trust to that.”

“Then he must judge of others by himself,” replied I.

“Have you no other terms to propose,” replied Melchior.

“None.”

“Then I will carry your message, and give you his answer to-morrow.”

Melchior then brought in another basket, and took away the former, and did not make his appearance till the next day. I now had recovered my strength, and determined to take some decided measures, but how to act I knew not. I reflected all night, and the next morning (that is, according to my supposition) I attacked the basket. Whether it was that ennui or weakness occasioned it, I cannot tell, but either way, I drank too much wine, and was

ready for any daring deed, when Melchior again opened the door.

“ Sir Henry will not accept of your terms. I thought not,” said Melchior, “ I am sorry—very sorry.”

“ Melchior,” replied I, starting up ; “ let us have no more of this duplicity. I am not quite so ignorant as you suppose. I know who Fleta is, and who you are.”

“ Indeed,” replied Melchior ; “ perhaps you will explain ?”

“ I will. You, Melchior, are Sir Henry de Clare ; you succeeded to your estates by the death of your elder brother, from a fall when hunting.”

Melchior appeared astonished.

“ Indeed !” replied he ; “ pray go on. You have made a gentleman of me.”

“ No ; rather a scoundrel.”

“ As you please ; now will you make a lady of Fleta ?”

“ Yes, I will. She is your niece.” Melchior

started back. "Your agent, M'Dermott, who was sent over to find out Fleta's abode, met me in the coach, and he has tracked me here, and risked my life, by telling the people that I was a tithe proctor."

"Your information is very important," replied Melchior, "You will find some difficulty to prove all you say."

"Not the least," replied I, flushed with anger and with wine, "I have proof positive. I have seen her mother, and I can identify the child by the necklace which was on her neck when you stole her."

"Necklace!" cried Melchior.

"Yes, the necklace put into my hands by your own wife when we parted."

"Damn her!" replied Melchior.

"Do not damn her; damn yourself for your villany, and its being brought to light. Have I said enough, or shall I tell you more?"

"Pray tell me more."

"No, I will not, for I must commit others,

and that will not do," replied I; for I felt I had already said too much.

"You have committed yourself, at all events," replied Melchior; "and now I tell you, that until——never mind," and Melchior hastened away.

The door was again locked, and I was once more alone.

I had time to reflect upon my imprudence. The countenance of Melchior, when he left me, was that of a demon. Something told me to prepare for death; and I was not wrong. The next day Melchior came not, nor the next; my provisions were all gone. I had nothing but a little wine and water left. The idea struck me, that I was to die of starvation. Was there no means of escape? None; I had no weapon, no tool, not even a knife. I had expended all my candles. At last, it occurred to me, that, although I was in a cellar, my voice might be heard, and I resolved, as a last effort, to attempt it. I went to the door of the cellar, and

shouted at the top of my lungs, "Murder—murder!" I shouted again and again as loud as I could, until I was exhausted. As it afterwards appeared, this plan did prevent my being starved to death, for such was Melchior's villainous intention. About an hour afterwards I repeated my cries of "Murder—murder!" and they were heard by the household, who stated to Melchior, that there was some one shouting murder in the vaults below. That night, and all the next day, I repeated my cries occasionally. I was now quite exhausted, I had been nearly two days without food, and my wine and water had all been drunk. I sat down with a parched mouth and heated brain, waiting till I could sufficiently recover my voice to repeat my cries, when I heard footsteps approaching. The key was again turned in the door, and a light appeared, carried by one of two men armed with large sledge hammers.

"It is then all over with me," cried I; "and I never shall find out who is my father. Come

on, murderers, and do your work. Do it quickly."

The two men advanced without speaking a word ; the foremost, who carried the lantern, laid it down at his feet, and raised his hammer with both hands, when the other behind him raised his weapon—and the foremost fell dead at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Is full of perilous adventures, and in which, the reader may be assured, there is much more than meets the eye.

“SILENCE,” said a voice that I well knew, although his face was completely disguised. It was *Timothy*! “Silence, Japhet,” again whispered Timothy; “there is yet much danger, but I will save you, or die. Take the hammer. Melchior is waiting outside.” Timothy put the lantern in the bin, so as to render it more dark, and led me towards the door, whispering, “when he comes in, we will secure him.”

Melchior soon made his appearance, and as he entered the cellar, "Is it all right?" said he, going up to Timothy, and passing me.

With one blow I felled him to the ground, and he lay insensible. "That will do," replied Timothy; "now we must be off."

"Not till he takes my place," replied I, as I shut the door, and locked it. "Now he may learn what it is to starve to death."

I then followed Timothy, by a passage which led outside of the castle, through which he and his companion had been admitted. "Our horses are close by," said Timothy; "for we stipulated upon leaving the country after it was done."

It was just dark when we were safe out of the castle. We mounted our horses, and set off with all speed. We followed the high road to the post town to which I had been conveyed, and I determined to pull up at Mrs. M'Shane's, for I was so exhausted that I could go no further. This was a measure which required pre-

caution, and as there was moonlight, I turned off the road before I entered the town, or village, as it ought to have been called, so that we dismounted at the back of Mrs. M'Shane's house. I went to the window of the bed-room where I had lain down, and tapped gently, again and again, and no answer. At last, Kathleen made her appearance.

"Can I come in, Kathleen?" said I; "I am almost dead with fatigue and exhaustion."

"Yes," replied she, "I will open the back-door; there is no one here to-night—it is too early for them."

I entered, followed by Timothy, and, as I stepped over the threshold, I fainted. As soon as I recovered, Mrs. M'Shane led me up stairs into her room for security, and I was soon able to take the refreshment I so much required. I stated what had passed to Mrs. M'Shane and Kathleen, who were much shocked at the account.

"You had better wait till it is late, before

you go on," said Mrs. M'Shane, "it will be more safe; it is now nine o'clock, and the people will all be moving till eleven. I will give your horses some corn, and when you are five miles from here, you may consider yourselves as safe. Holy saints! what an escape!"

The advice was too good not to be followed, and I was so exhausted, that I was glad that prudence was on the side of repose. I lay down on Mrs. M'Shane's bed, while Timothy watched over me. I had a short slumber, and then was awakened by the good landlady, who told me that it was time for us to quit. Kathleen then came up to me, and said, "I would ask a favour of you, sir, and I hope you will not refuse it."

"Kathleen, you may ask any thing of me, and depend upon it, I will not refuse it, if I can grant it."

"Then, sir," replied the good girl, "you know how I overcame my feelings to serve you, will you overcome yours for me? I cannot

bear the idea that any one, bad as he may be, of the family who have reared me, should perish in so miserable a manner ; and I cannot bear that any man, bad as he is, even if I did not feel obliged to him, should die so full of guilt, and without absolution. Will you let me have the key, that Sir Henry de Clare may be released after you are safe and away ? I know he does not deserve any kindness from you ; but it is a horrid death, and a horrid thing to die so loaded with crime."

"Kathleen," replied I, "I will keep my word with you. Here is the key ; take it up to-morrow morning, and give it to Lady de Clare ; tell her Japhet Newland sent it."

"I will, and God bless you, sir."

"Good bye, sir," said Mrs. M'Shane, "you have no time to lose."

"God bless you, sir," said Kathleen, who now put her arms round me and kissed me. We mounted our horses and set off.

We pressed our horses, or rather ponies, for

they were very small, till we had gained about six miles, when we considered that we were, comparatively speaking, safe, and then drew up, to allow them to recover their wind. I was very much exhausted myself, and hardly spoke one word until we arrived at the next post town, when we found every body in bed. We contrived, however, to knock them up, and Timothy having seen that our horses were put into the stable, we lay down till the next morning upon a bed which happened to be unoccupied. Sorry as were the accommodations, I never slept so soundly, and woke quite refreshed. The next morning I stated my intention of posting to Dublin, and asked Tim what we should do with the horses.

“They belong to the castle,” replied he.

“Then in God’s name, let the castle have them, for I wish for nothing from that horrid place.”

We stated to the landlord that the horses were to be sent back, and that the man who

took them would be paid for his trouble; and then it occurred to me, that it would be a good opportunity of writing to Melchior, *alias* Sir Henry. I do not know why, but certainly my animosity against him had subsided, and I did not think of taking legal measures against him. I thought it, however, right to frighten him. I wrote, therefore, as follows:—

SIR HENRY;—I send you back your horses with thanks, as they have enabled Timothy and me to escape from your clutches. Your reputation and your life now are in my power, and I will have ample revenge. The fact of your intending murder, will be fully proved by my friend Timothy, who was employed by you in disguise, and accompanied your gipsy. You cannot escape the sentence of the law. Prepare yourself, then, for the worst, as it is not my intention that you shall escape the disgraceful punishment due to your crimes.

Yours, JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

“If you recollect, Japhet,” replied Timothy, “you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipsy, and stating his intention to carry off the little girl from the boarding-school. My last letter, in which I had informed you that he had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the ladies’ school at Brentford, could not have reached you, as I found by your note that you had set off the same evening. The gipsy, whom I only knew by the name of *Will*, inquired of me the name by which the little girl was known, and my answer was, Smith; as I took it for granted that, in a large seminary, there must be one, if

not more, of that name. Acting upon this, he made inquiries of the maid servant to whom he paid his addresses, and made very handsome presents, if there was a Miss Smith in the school; she replied, that there were two, one a young lady of sixteen, and the other about twelve years old. Of course the one selected was the younger. Will had seen me in my livery, and his plan was to obtain a similar one, hire a chariot, and go down to Brentford, with a request that Miss Smith might be sent up with him immediately, as you were so ill that you were not expected to live; but previous to his taking this step, he wrote to Melchior, requesting his orders as to how he was to proceed when he had obtained the child. The answer from Melchior arrived. By this time, he had discovered that you were in Ireland, and intended to visit him; perhaps he had you in confinement, for I do not know how long you were there, but the answer desired Will to come over immediately, as there would be in all proba-

bility work for him, that would be well paid for. He had now become so intimate with me, that he disguised nothing: he showed me the letter, and I asked him what it meant; he replied that there was somebody to put out of the way, that was clear. It immediately struck me, that you must be the person if such was the case, and I volunteered to go with him, to which, after some difficulty, he consented. We travelled outside the mail, and in four days we arrived at the castle. Will went up to Melchior, who told him what it was that he required. Will consented, and then stated he had another hand with him, which might be necessary, vouching for my doing any thing that was required. Melchior sent for me, and I certainly was afraid that he would discover me, but my disguise was too good. I had prepared for it still further, by wearing a wig of light hair; he asked me some questions, and I replied in a surly, dogged tone, which satisfied him. The reward was two hundred pounds, to

be shared between us ; and, as it was considered advisable that we should not be seen after the affair was over, by the people about the place, we had the horses provided for us. The rest you well know. I was willing to make sure that it was you before I struck the scoundrel, and the first glimpse from the lantern, and your voice, convinced me. Thank God, Japhet, but I have been of some use to you, at all events."

"My dear Tim, you have indeed, and you know me too well to think I shall ever forget it; but now I must first ascertain where the will of the late Sir William is to be found. We can read it for a shilling, and then I may discover what are the grounds of Melchior's conduct, for, to me, it is still inexplicable."

"Are wills made in Ireland registered here, or at Doctor's Commons in London?"

"In Dublin, I should imagine."

But on my arrival at Dublin I felt so ill, that I was obliged to retire to bed, and before

morning I was in a violent fever. Medical assistance was sent for, and I was nursed by Timothy with the greatest care, but it was ten days before I could quit my bed. For the first time, I was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, when Timothy came in with the little portmanteau I had left in the care of Mrs. M'Shane. "Open it, Timothy," said I, "and see if there be any thing in the way of a note from them. Timothy opened the portmanteau, and produced one, which was lying on the top. It was from Kathleen, and as follows:—

DEAR SIR;—They say there is terrible work at the castle, and that Sir Henry has blown out his brains, or cut his throat, I don't know which. Mr. M'Dermott passed in a great hurry, but said nothing to any body here. I will send you word of what has taken place as soon as I can. The morning after you went away, I walked up to the castle and gave the key to the lady, who appeared in

a great fright at Sir Henry not having been seen for so long a while. They wished to detain me after they had found him in the cellar with the dead man, but after two hours I was desired to go away, and hold my tongue. It was after the horses went back that Sir Henry is said to have destroyed himself. I went up to the castle, but M'Dermott had given orders for no one to be let in on any account.

Yours, KATHLEEN M'SHANE.

"This is news indeed," said I, handing the letter to Timothy. "It must have been my threatening letter which has driven him to this mad act."

"Very likely," replied Timothy; "but it was the best thing the scoundrel could do, after all."

"The letter was not, however, written, with that intention. I wished to frighten him, and have justice done to little Fleta—poor child! how glad I shall be to see her!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Another investigation relative to a child which in the same way as the former one, ends by the Lady going off in a fit.

THE next day the newspapers contained a paragraph, in which Sir Henry de Clare was stated to have committed suicide. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, was the winding up of the intelligence. I also received another letter from Kathleen M'Shane, confirming the previous accounts; her mother had been sent for to assist in laying out the body. There was now no further doubt, and as soon as I could venture out, I hastened to the

proper office, where I read the will of the late Sir William. It was very short, merely disposing of his personal property to his wife, and a few legacies ; for, as I discovered, only a small portion of the estates were entailed with the title, and the remainder was not only to the heirs male, but the eldest female, should there be no male heir, with the proviso, that should she marry, the husband was to take upon himself the name of De Clare. Here, then, was the mystery explained, and why Melchior had stolen away his brother's child. Satisfied with my discovery, I determined to leave for England immediately, find out the dowager Lady de Clare, and put the whole case into the hands of Mr. Masterton. Fortunately, Timothy had money with him sufficient to pay all expenses, and take us to London, or I should have been obliged to wait for remittances, as mine was all expended before I arrived at Dublin. We arrived safe, and I immediately proceeded to my house, where I found Har-

court, who had been in great anxiety about me. The next morning I went to my old legal friend, to whom I communicated all that had happened.

“Well done, Newland,” replied he, “after I had finished. I’ll bet ten to one that you find out your father. Your life already would not make a bad novel. If you continue your hair-breadth adventures in this way, it will be quite interesting.”

Although satisfied in my own mind that I had discovered Fleta’s parentage, and anxious to impart the joyful intelligence, I resolved not to see her until every thing should be satisfactorily arranged. The residence of the dowager Lady de Clare was soon discovered by Mr. Masterton ; it was at Richmond, and thither he and I proceeded. We were ushered into the drawing-room, and, to my delight, upon her entrance, I perceived that it was the same beautiful person in whose ears I had seen the coral and gold ear-rings matching the necklace be-

longing to Fleta. I considered it better to allow Mr. Masterton to break the subject.

“ You are, madam, the widow of the late Sir William de Clare.” The lady bowed. “ You will excuse me, madam, but I have most important reasons for asking you a few questions, which otherwise may appear to be intrusive. Are you aware of the death of his brother, Sir Henry de Clare?”

“ Indeed I was not,” replied she. “ I seldom look at a paper, and I have long ceased to correspond with any one in Ireland. May I ask you what occasioned his death?”

“ He fell by his own hands, madam.”

Lady de Clare covered up her face. “ God forgive him !” said she, in a low voice.

“ Lady de Clare, upon what terms were your husband and the late Sir Henry ? It is important to know.”

“ Not on the very best, sir. Indeed, latterly, for years, they never met or spoke : we did not know what had become of him.”

“ Were there any grounds for ill-will ? ”

“ Many, sir, on the part of the elder brother ; but none on that of Sir Henry, who was treated with every kindness, until he——” Lady de Clare stopped——“ until he behaved very ill to him.”

As we afterwards discovered, Henry de Clare had squandered away the small portion left him by his father, and had ever after that been liberally supplied by his eldest brother, until he had attempted to seduce Lady de Clare, upon which he was dismissed for ever.

“ And now, madam, I must revert to a painful subject. You had a daughter by your marriage ? ”

“ Yes,” replied the lady, with a deep sigh.

“ How did you lose her ? Pray do not think I am creating this distress on your part without strong reasons.”

“ She was playing in the garden, and the nurse, who thought it rather cold, ran in for a

minute to get a handkerchief to tie round her neck. When the nurse returned, the child had disappeared." Lady de Clare put her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"Where did you find her afterwards?"

"It was not until three weeks afterwards that her body was found in a pond about a quarter of a mile off."

"Did the nurse not seek her when she discovered that she was not in the garden?"

"She did, and immediately ran in that direction. It is quite strange that the child could have got so far without the nurse perceiving her."

"How long is it ago?"

"It is now nine years."

"And the age of the child at the time?"

"About six years old."

"I think, Newland, you may now speak to Lady de Clare."

"Lady de Clare, have you not a pair of ear-

rings of coral and gold of very remarkable workmanship?"

"I have, sir," replied she, with surprise.

"Had you not a necklace of the same? and if so, will you do me the favour to examine this?" I presented the necklace.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Lady de Clare, "it is the very necklace!—it was on my poor Cecilia when she was drowned, and it was not found with the body. How came it into your possession, sir? At one time," continued Lady de Clare, weeping, "I thought that it was possible that the temptation of the necklace, which has a great deal of gold in it, must, as it was not found on her corpse, have been an inducement for the gipsies, who were in the neighbourhood, to drown her; but Sir William would not believe it, rather supposing that in her struggles in the water she must have broken it, and that it had thus been detached from her neck. Is it to return this unfortunate necklace that you have come here?"

“ No, madam, not altogether. Had you two white ponies at the time ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Was there a mulberry tree in the garden ?”

“ Yes, sir,” replied the astonished lady.

“ Will you do me the favour to describe the appearance of your child as she was, at the time that you lost her ?”

“ She was—but all mothers are partial, and perhaps I may also be so—a very fair, lovely little girl.”

“ With light hair, I presume ?”

“ Yes sir. But why these questions ? Surely you cannot ask them for nothing,” continued she hurriedly. “ Tell me, sir, why all these questions ?”

Mr. Masterton replied, “ Because, madam, we have some hopes that you have been deceived, and that it is possible that your daughter was not drowned.”

Lady de Clare, breathless and her mouth open, fixed her eyes upon Mr. Masterton, and

exclaimed, "Not drowned ! O my God ! my head !" and then she fell back insensible.

"I have been too precipitate," said Mr Masterton, going to her assistance ; "but joy does not kill. Ring for some water, Japhet."

CHAPTER XXVI.

In which, if the reader does not sympathize with the parties, he had better shut the book.

IN a few minutes Lady de Clare was sufficiently recovered to hear the outline of our history ; and as soon as it was over, she insisted upon immediately going with us to the school where Fleta was domiciled, as she could ascertain, by several marks known but to a nurse or mother, if more evidence was required, whether Fleta was her child or not. To allow her to remain in such a state of anxiety was impossible, Mr. Masterton agreed, and we posted to —, where we arrived in the evening. “ Now, gen-

tllemen, leave me but one minute with the child, and when I ring the bell, you may enter." Lady de Clare was in so nervous and agitated a state, that she could not walk into the parlour without assistance. We led her to a chair, and in a minute Fleta was called down. Perceiving me in the passage, she ran to me. "Stop, my dear Fleta, there is a lady in the parlour, who wishes to see you."

"A lady, Japhet?"

"Yes, my dear, go in."

Fleta obeyed, and in a minute we heard a scream, and Fleta hastily opened the door, "Quick! quick! the lady has fallen down."

We ran in and found Lady de Clare on the floor, and it was some time before she returned to her senses. As soon as she did, she fell down on her knees, holding up her hands as in prayer, and then stretched her arms out to Fleta. "My child! my long-lost child! it is—it is indeed!" A flood of tears poured forth on Fleta's neck relieved her, and we then

left them together ; old Masterton observing, as we took our seats in the back parlour, " By G——, Japhet, you deserve to find your own father !"

In about an hour Lady de Clare requested to see us. Fleta rushed into my arms and sobbed, while her mother apologized to Mr. Masterton for the delay and excusable neglect towards him. " Mr. Newland, madam, is the person to whom you are indebted for your present happiness. I will now, if you please, take my leave, and will call upon you to-morrow."

" I will not detain you, Mr. Masterton ; but Mr. Newland will, I trust, come home with Cecilia and me ; I have much to ask of him." I consented, and Mr. Masterton went back to town ; I went to the principal hotel to order a chaise and horses, while Fleta packed up her wardrobe.

In half an hour we set off, and it was midnight before we arrived at Richmond. During

my journey I narrated to Lady de Clare every particular of our meeting with Fleta. We were all glad to go to bed, and the kind manner in which Lady de Clare wished me good night, with "God bless you, Mr. Newland!" brought the tears into my eyes.

I breakfasted alone the next morning, Lady de Clare and her daughter remaining up stairs. It was nearly twelve o'clock when they made their appearance, both so apparently happy, that I could not help thinking, "When shall I have such pleasure—when shall I find out who is my father?" My brow was clouded as the thought entered my mind, when Lady de Clare requested that I would inform her who it was to whom she and her daughter were under such eternal obligations. I had then to relate my own eventful history, most of which was as new to Cecilia (as she now must be called) as it was to her mother. I had just terminated the escape from the castle, when Mr. Masteron's carriage drove up to the door. As soon

as he had bowed to Lady de Clare, he said to me, "Japhet, here is a letter directed to you, to my care, from Ireland, which I have brought for you."

"It is from Kathleen M'Shane, sir," replied I, and requesting leave, I broke the seal. It contained another. I read Kathleen's, and then hastily opened the other. It was from Nattée, or Lady H. de Clare, and ran as follows:—

JAPHET NEWLAND—Fleta is the daughter of Sir William de Clare. Dearly has my husband paid for his act of folly and wickedness, and to which you must know I never was a party."

"Yours,

"NATTEE."

The letter from Kathleen added more strange information. Lady de Clare, after the funeral of her husband, had sent for the steward, made every necessary arrangement, discharged the servants, and then had herself disappeared, no

one knew whither ; but it was reported that somebody very much resembling her had been seen travelling south in company with a gang of gipsies. I handed both letters over to Lady de Clare and Mr. Masterton.

“ Poor Lady de Clare ! ” observed the mother.

“ Nattée will never leave her tribe,” observed Cecilia quietly.

“ You are right, my dear,” replied I. “ She will be happier with her tribe where she commands as a queen, than ever she was at the castle.”

Mr. Masterton then entered into a detail with Lady de Clare as to what steps ought immediately to be taken, as the heirs-at-law would otherwise give some trouble ; and having obtained her acquiescence, it was time to withdraw. “ Mr. Newland, I trust you will consider us as your warmest friends. I am so much in your debt, that I never can repay you ; but I am also in your debt in a pecuniary way

—that, at least, you must permit me to refund.”

“ When I require it, Lady de Clare, I will accept it. Do not, pray, vex me by the proposition. I have not much happiness as it is, although I am rejoiced at yours and that of your daughter.”

“ Come, Lady de Clare, I must not allow you to tease my protégé, you do not know how sensitive he is. We will now take our leave,”

“ You will come soon,” said Cecilia, looking anxiously at me.

“ You have your mother, Cecilia,” replied I; “ what can you wish for more? I am a—nobody—without a parent.”

Cecilia burst into tears; I embraced her, and Mr. Masterton and I left the room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I return to the gay world, but am not well received ;
 I am quite disgusted with it and honesty, and every
 thing else.

How strange, now that I had succeeded
 in the next dearest object of my wishes, after
 ascertaining my own parentage, that I should
 have felt so miserable ; but it was the fact, and
 I cannot deny it. I could hardly answer Mr.
 Masterton during our journey to town ; and
 when I threw myself on the sofa in my own
 room, I felt as if I was desolate and deserted.
 I did not repine at Cecilia's happiness ; so far
 from it, I would have sacrificed my life for her ;
 but she was a creature of my own—one of the

objects in this world to which I was endeared—one that had been dependent on me and loved me. Now that she was restored to her parent, she rose above me, and I was left still more desolate. I do not know that I ever passed a week of such misery as the one which followed a *dénouement* productive of so much happiness to others, and which had been sought with so much eagerness, and at so much risk, by myself. It was no feeling of envy, God knows; but it appeared to me as if every one in the world was to be made happy except myself. But I had more to bear up against.

When I had quitted for Ireland, it was still supposed that I was a young man of large fortune—the truth had not been told. I had acceded to Mr. Masterton's suggestions, that I was no longer to appear under false colours, and had requested Harcourt, to whom I made known my real condition, that he would everywhere state the truth. News like this flies like wildfire; there were too many whom, perhaps,

when under the patronage of Major Carbonnell, and the universal rapture from my supposed wealth, I had treated with hauteur, glad to receive the intelligence, and spread it far and wide. My *imposition*, as they pleased to term it, was the theme of every party, and many were the indignant remarks of the dowagers who had so often indirectly proposed to me their daughters; and if there was any one more virulent than the rest, I hardly need say that it was Lady Maelstrom, who nearly killed her job horses in driving about from one acquaintance to another, to represent my unheard-of atrocity in presuming to deceive my betters. Harcourt, who had agreed to live with me—Harcourt, who had praised my magnanimity in making the disclosure—even Harcourt fell off; and about a fortnight after I had arrived in town, told me that not finding the lodgings so convenient as his former abode, he intended to return to it. He took a friendly leave; but I perceived that if we happened to meet in the

streets, he often contrived to be looking another way; and at last, a slight recognition was all that I received. Satisfied that it was intended, I no longer noticed him; he followed but the example of others. So great was the outcry raised by those who had hoped to have secured me as a good match, that any young man of fashion who was seen with me, had, by many, his name erased from their visiting lists. This decided my fate, and I was alone. For some time I bore up proudly; I returned a glance of defiance, but this could not last. The treatment of others received a slight check from the kindness of Lord Windermear, who repeatedly asked me to his table; but I perceived that even there, although suffered as a protégé of his lordship, any thing more than common civility was studiously avoided, in order that no intimacy might result. Mr. Masterton, upon whom I occasionally called, saw that I was unwell and unhappy. He encouraged me; but, alas! a man must be more than mortal, who,

with fine feelings, can endure the scorn of the world. Timothy, poor fellow, who witnessed more of my unhappy state of mind than any body else, offered in vain his consolation. "And this," thought I, "is the reward of virtue and honesty. Truly, virtue is its own reward, for it obtains no other. As long as I was under false colours, allowing the world to deceive themselves, I was courted and flattered. Now that I have thrown off the mask, and put on the raiment of truth, I am a despised, miserable being. Yes; but is not this my own fault? Did I not, by my own deception, bring all this upon myself? Whether unmasked by others, or by myself, is it not equally true that I have been playing false, and am now punished for it? What do the world care for your having returned to truth? You have offended by deceiving them, and that is an offence which your repentance will not extenuate." It was but too true, I had brought it all on myself, and this reflection increased my misery. For

my dishonesty, I had been justly and severely punished: whether I was ever to be rewarded for my subsequent honesty still remained to be proved; but I knew very well that most people would have written off such a reward as a bad debt.

Once I consulted with Mr. Masterton as to the chance of there being any information relative to my birth in the packet left in the charge of Mr. Cophagus. "I have been thinking over it, my dear Newland," said he, "and I wish I could give you any hopes, but I cannot. Having succeeded with regard to your little protégé, you are now so sanguine with respect to yourself, that a trifle light as air is magnified, as the poet says, 'into confirmation strong as holy writ.' Now, consider, somebody calls at the Foundling to ask after you—which I acknowledge to be a satisfactory point—his name is taken down by an illiterate brute, as Derbennon; but how you can decide upon the real name, and assume it is De Benyon, is really

more than I can imagine, allowing every scope to fancy. It is in the first instance, therefore, you are at fault, as there are many other names which may have been given by the party who called; nay, more, is it at all certain that the party, in a case like this, would give his real name? Let us follow it up. Allowing the name to have been De Benyon, you discover that one brother is not married, and that there are some papers belonging to him in the possession of an old woman who dies; and upon these slight grounds what would you attempt to establish? that because that person was known not to have married, therefore *he was married*; (for you are stated to have been born in wedlock :) and because there is a packet of papers belonging to him in the possession of another party, that this packet of papers *must refer* to you. Do you not perceive how you are led away by your excited feelings on the subject?"

I could not deny that Mr. Masterton's argu-

ments had demolished the whole fabric which I had built up. "You are right, sir," replied I mournfully. "I wish I were dead."

"Never speak in that way, Mr. Newland, before me," replied the old lawyer in an angry tone, "without you wish to forfeit my good opinion."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I am most miserable. I am avoided by all who know me—thrown out of all society—I have not a parent or a relative. Isolated being as I am, what have I to live for?"

"My dear fellow, you are not twenty-three years of age," replied Mr. Masterton, "and you have made two sincere friends, both powerful in their own way. I mean Lord Windermear and myself; and you have had the pleasure of making others happy. Believe me, that is much to have accomplished at so early an age. You have much to live for—live to gain more friends—live to gain reputation—live to do good—to be grateful for the benefits you have

received, and to be humble when chastened by Providence. You have yet to learn where, and only where, true happiness is to be found. Since you are so much out of spirits, go down to Lady de Clare's, see her happiness, and that of her little girl; and then, when you reflect that it was your own work, you will hardly say that you have lived in vain." I was too much overpowered to speak. After a pause, Mr. Masterton continued, "When did you see them last?"

"I have never seen them, sir, since I was with you at their meeting."

"What! have you not called—now nearly two months? Japhet, you are wrong; they will be hurt at your neglect and want of kindness. Have you written or heard from them?"

"I have received one or two pressing invitations, sir; but I have not been in a state of mind to avail myself of their politeness."

"Politeness! you are wrong—all wrong, Japhet. Your mind is cankered, or you never

would have used that term. I thought you were composed of better materials; but it appears, that although you can sail with a fair wind, you cannot buffet against an adverse gale. Because you are no longer fooled and flattered by the interested and the designing, like many others, you have quarrelled with the world. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps you are right, sir."

"I know that I am right, and that you are wrong. Now I shall be seriously displeased if you do not go down and see Lady de Clare and her daughter, as soon as you can."

"I will obey your orders, sir."

"My wishes, Japhet, not my orders. Let me see you when you return. You must no longer be idle. Consider, that you are about to recommence your career in life; that hitherto you have pursued the wrong path, from which you have nobly returned. You must prepare for exertions, and learn to trust to God and a good conscience. Lord Windermear and I had

a long conversation relative to you yesterday evening; and when you come back, I will detail to you what are our views respecting your future advantage."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A new character appears, but not a very amiable one ;
but I attach myself to him, as drowning men catch
at straws.

I took my leave, more composed in mind, and
the next day I went down to Lady de Clare's.
I was kindly received, more than kindly, I
was affectionately and parentally received by
the mother, and by Cecilia as a dear brother ;
but they perceived my melancholy, and when
they had upbraided me for my long neglect,
they inquired the cause. As I had already
made Lady de Clare acquainted with my pre-
vious history, I had no secrets ; in fact, it was

a consolation to confide my griefs to them. Lord Windermear was too much above me—Mr. Masterton was too matter-of-fact—Timothy was too inferior—and they were all men; but the kind soothing of a woman was peculiarly grateful, and after a sojourn of three days, I took my leave, with my mind much less depressed than when I arrived.

On my return, I called upon Mr. Masterton, who stated to me that Lord Windermear was anxious to serve me, and that he would exert his interest in any way which might be most congenial to my feelings; that he would procure me a commission in the army, or a writership to India; or, if I preferred it, I might study the law under the auspices of Mr. Masterton. If none of these propositions suited me, I might state what would be preferred, and that, as far as his interest and pecuniary assistance could avail, I might depend upon it. “So now, Japhet, you may go home and reflect seriously upon these offers; and when you have

made up your mind what course you will steer, you have only to let me know."

I returned my thanks to Mr. Masterton, and begged that he would convey my grateful acknowledgments to his lordship. As I walked home, I met a Captain Atkinson, a man of very doubtful character, whom, by the advice of Carbonnell, I had always kept at a distance. He had lost a large fortune by gambling, and having been pigeoned, had, as is usual, ended by becoming a *rook*. He was a fashionable, well-looking-man, of good family, suffered in society, for he had found out that it was necessary to hold his position by main force. He was a noted duellist, had killed his three or four men, and a cut direct from any person was, with him, sufficient grounds for sending a friend. Every body was civil to him, because no one wished to quarrel with him.

"My dear Mr. Newland," said he, offering his hand, "I am delighted to see you; I have heard at the clubs of your misfortune, and

there were some free remarks made by some. I have great pleasure in saying that I put an immediate stop to them, by telling them that, if they were repeated in my presence, I should consider it as a personal quarrel."

Three months before, had I met Captain Atkinson, I should have returned his bow with studied politeness, and have left him ; but how changed were my feelings ! I took his hand, and shook it warmly.

"My dear sir," replied I, "I am very much obliged for your kind and considerate conduct ; there are more who are inclined to calumniate than to defend."

"And always will be in this world, Mr. Newland ; but I have a fellow feeling. I recollect how I was received and flattered when I was introduced as a young man of fortune, and how I was deserted and neglected when I was cleaned out. I know now *why* they are so civil to me, and I value their civility at just as much as it is worth. Will you accept my arm :—I am going your way."

I could not refuse ; but I coloured when I took it, for I felt that I was not adding to my reputation by being seen in his company ; and still I felt, that although not adding to my reputation, I was less likely to receive insult, and that the same cause which induced them to be civil to him, would perhaps operate when they found me allied with him. “Be it so,” thought I, “I will, if possible, *extort* politeness.”

We were strolling down Bond Street, when we met a young man, well known in the fashionable circles, who had dropped my acquaintance, after having been formerly most pressing to obtain it. Atkinson faced him. “Good morning, Mr. Oxberry.”

“Good morning, Captain Atkinson,” replied Mr. Oxberry.

“I thought you knew my friend Mr. Newland ?” observed Atkinson, rather fiercely.

“Oh ! really—I quite—I beg pardon. Good morning, Mr. Newland ; you have been long

absent. I did not see you at Lady Maelstrom's last night."

"No," replied I, carelessly, "nor will you ever. When you next see her ladyship, ask her, with my compliments, whether she has had another fainting fit."

"I shall certainly have great pleasure in carrying your message, Mr. Newland—good morning."

"That fool," observed Atkinson, "will now run all over town, and you will see the consequence."

We met one or two others, and to them Atkinson put the same question, "I thought you knew my friend Mr. Newland?" At last, just as we arrived at my own house in St. James's Street, who should we meet but Harcourt. Harcourt immediately perceived me, and bowed low as he passed on, so that his bow would have served for both; but Atkinson stopped. "I must beg your pardon, Harcourt, for de-

taining you a moment, but what are the odds upon the Vestris colt for the Derby ?”

“ Upon my word, Captain Atkinson, I was told, but I have forgotten.”

“ Your memory appears bad, for you have also forgotten your old friend, Mr. Newland.”

“ I beg your pardon, Mr. Newland.”

“ There is no occasion to beg my pardon, Mr. Harcourt,” interrupted I ; “ for I tell you plainly, that I despise you too much to ever wish to be acquainted with you. You will oblige me, sir, by never presuming to touch your hat, or otherwise notice me.”

Harcourt coloured, and started back. “ Such language, Mr. Newland——”

“ Is what you deserve ; ask your own conscience. Leave us, sir ;” and I walked on with Captain Atkinson.

“ You have done well, Newland,” observed Atkinson ; “ he cannot submit to that language, for he knows that I have heard it. A meeting

you will of course have no objection to. It will be of immense advantage to you."

"None whatever," replied I; "for if there is any one man who deserves to be punished for his conduct towards me, it is Harcourt. Will you come up, Captain Atkinson; and, if not better engaged, take a quiet dinner and a bottle of wine with me?"

Our conversation during dinner was desultory, but after the first bottle, Atkinson became communicative, and his history not only made me feel better inclined towards him, but afforded me another instance, as well as Carbonnell's, how often it is that those who would have done well, are first plundered, and then driven to desperation by the heartlessness of the world. The cases, however, had this difference, that Carbonnell had always contrived to keep his reputation above water, while that of Atkinson was gone, and never to be re-established. We had just finished our wine when a note was brought from Harcourt, informing me that he

should send a friend the next morning for an explanation of my conduct. I handed it over to Atkinson. "My dear sir, I am at your service," replied he, "without you have any body among your acquaintances whom you may prefer."

"Thank you," replied I, "Captain Atkinson; it cannot be in better hands."

"That is settled, then; and now where shall we go?"

"Wherever you please."

"Then I shall try if I can win a little money to-night; if you come you need not play—you can look on. It will serve to divert your thoughts, at all events."

I felt so anxious to avoid reflection, that I immediately accepted his offer, and, in a few minutes, we were in the well-lighted room, and in front of the *rouge et noir* table, covered with gold and bank notes. Atkinson did not commence his play immediately, but pricked the chances on a card as they ran. After half an

hour he laid down his stakes, and was fortunate. I could no longer withstand the temptation, and I backed him; in less than an hour we both had won considerably.

“That is enough,” said he to me, sweeping up his money; “we must not try the slippery dame too long.”

I followed his example, and shortly afterwards we quitted the house. “I will walk home with you, Newland; never, if you can help it, especially if you have been a winner, leave a gaming house alone.”

Going home, I asked Atkinson if he would come up; he did so, and then we examined our winnings. “I know mine,” replied he, “within twenty pounds, for I always leave off at a certain point. I have three hundred pounds, and something more.”

He had won three hundred and twenty-five pounds. I had won ninety pounds. As we sat over a glass of brandy and water, I inquired whether he was always fortunate. “No, of

course I am not," replied Atkinson; "but on the whole, in the course of the year I am a winner of sufficient to support myself."

"Is there any rule by which people are guided who play? I observed many of those who were seated, pricking the chances with great care, and then staking their money at intervals."

"*Rouge et noir* I believe to be the fairest of all games," replied Atkinson; "but where there is a per centage invariably in favour of the bank, although one may win and another lose, still the profits must be in favour of the bank. If a man were to play all the year round, he would lose the national debt in the end. As for martingales, and all those calculations, which you observed them so busy with, they are all useless. I have tried every thing, and there is only one chance of success, but then you must not be a *gambler*."

"Not a gambler?"

"No; you must not be carried away by the excitement of the game, or you will infallibly

lose. You must have a strength of mind which few have, or you will be soon cleaned out."

"But you say that you win on the whole; have you no rule to guide you?"

"Yes, I have; strange as the chances are, I have been so accustomed to them, that I generally put down my stake right; when I am once in a run of luck, I have a method of my own, but what it is I cannot tell; only this I know, that if I depart from it, I always lose my money. But that is what you may call good luck, or what you please—it is not a rule."

"Where, then, are your rules?"

"Simply these two. The first it is not difficult to adhere to: I make a rule never to lose but a certain sum if I am unlucky when I commence—say twenty stakes, whatever may be the amount of the stake that you play. This rule is easily adhered to, by not taking more money with you; and I am not one of those to whom the croupier or porters will lend money. The second rule is the most difficult, and decides

whether you are a gambler or not. I make a rule always to leave off when I have won a certain sum—or even before, if the chances of my game fluctuate. There is the difficulty ; it appears very foolish not to follow up luck, but the fact is, fortune is so capricious, that if you trust her more than an hour, she will desert you. This is my mode of play, and with me it answers ; but it does not follow that it would answer with another. But it is very late, or rather, very early—I wish you a good night.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

I become principal instead of second in a duel, and risk my own and another's life, my own and others' happiness and peace of mind, because I have been punished as I deserved.

AFTER Captain Atkinson had left me, I stated to Timothy what had passed. "And do you think you will have to fight a duel, sir?" cried Timothy with alarm.

"There is no doubt of it," replied I.

"You never will find your father, sir, if you go on this way," said Timothy, as if to divert my attention from such a purpose.

"Not in this world, perhaps, Tim; perhaps

I may be sent the right road by a bullet, and find him in the next."

"Do you think your father, if dead, has gone to heaven?"

"I hope so, Timothy."

"Then what chance have you of meeting him, if you go out of the world attempting the life of your old friend?"

"That is what you call a poser, my dear Timothy, but I cannot help myself; this I can safely say, that I have no animosity against Mr. Harcourt—at least, not sufficient to have any wish to take away his life."

"Well, that's something, to be sure; but do you know, Japhet, I'm not quite sure you hit the right road when you set up for a gentleman."

"No, Timothy, no man can be in the right road who deceives; I have been all wrong; and I am afraid I am going from worse to worse; but I cannot moralize, I must go to sleep, and forget every thing if I can."

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, a Mr. Cotgrave called upon me on the part of Harcourt. I referred him to Captain Atkinson, and he bowed and quitted the room. Captain Atkinson soon called ; he had remained at home expecting the message, and had made every arrangement with the second. He stayed with me the whole day; the major's pistols were examined and approved of ; we dined, drank freely, and he afterwards proposed that I should accompany him to one of the hells, as they are called. This I refused, as I had some arrangements to make ; and as soon as he was gone I sent for Timothy.

“ Tim,” said I, “ if I should be unlucky to-morrow, you are my executor and residuary legatee. My will was made when in Dublin, and is in the charge of Mr. Cophagus.”

“ Japhet, I hope you will allow me one favour, which is, to go to the ground with you. I had rather be there than remain here in suspense.”

“Of course, my dear fellow, if you wish it,” replied I; “but I must go to bed, as I am to be called at four o’clock—so let’s have no sentimentalizing or sermonizing. Good night, God bless you.”

I was, at that time, in a state of mind which made me reckless of life or of consequences; stung by the treatment which I received, mad with the world’s contumely, I was desperate. True it was, as Mr. Masterton said, I had not courage to buffet against an adverse gale. Timothy did not go to bed, and at four o’clock was at my side. I rose, dressed myself with the greatest care, and was soon joined by Captain Atkinson. We then set off in a hackney-coach to the same spot to which I had, but a few months before, driven with poor Carbonnell. His memory and his death came like a cloud over my mind, but it was but for a moment. I cared little for life. Harcourt and his second were on the ground a few minutes before us. Each party saluted politely, and the seconds proceeded to

business. We fired, and Harcourt fell, with a bullet above his knee. I went up to him, and he extended his hand. "Newland," said he, "I have deserved this. I was a coward, in the first place, to desert you as I did—and a coward, in the second, to fire at a man whom I had injured. Gentlemen," continued he, appealing to the seconds, "recollect, I, before you, acquit Mr. Newland of all blame, and desire, if any further accident should happen to me, that my relations will take no steps whatever against him."

Harcourt was very pale, and bleeding fast. Without any answer I examined the wound, and found, by the colour of the blood, and its gushing, that an artery had been divided. My professional knowledge saved his life. I compressed the artery, while I gave directions to the others. A handkerchief was tied tight round his thigh, above the wound—a round stone selected, and placed under the handkerchief, in the femoral groove, and the ramrod

of one of the pistols then made use of as a winch, until the whole acted as a tourniquet. I removed my thumbs, found that the hemorrhage was stopped, and then directed that he should be taken home on a door, and surgical assistance immediately sent for.

“ You appear to understand these things, sir,” said Mr Cotgrave. “ Tell me, is there any danger ? ”

“ He must suffer amputation,” replied I, in a low voice, so that Harcourt could not hear me. “ Pray watch the tourniquet carefully as he is taken home, for should it slip it will be fatal.”

I then bowed to Mr. Cotgrave, and, followed by Captain Atkinson, stepped into the hackney-coach and drove home. “ I will leave you now, Newland,” said Captain Atkinson ; “ it is necessary that I talk this matter over, so that it is properly explained.”

I thanked Captain Atkinson for his services, and was left alone ; for I had sent Timothy to

ascertain if Harcourt had arrived safe at his lodgings. Never did I feel more miserable ; my anxiety for Harcourt was indescribable ; true, he had not treated me well, but I thought of his venerable father, who pressed my hand so warmly when I left his hospitable roof—of his lovely sisters, and the kindness and affection which they had shown towards me, and our extreme intimacy. I thought of the pain which the intelligence would give them, and their indignation towards me, when their brother first made his appearance at his father's house, mutilated ; and were he to die—good God ! I was maddened at the idea. I had now undone the little good I had been able to do. If I had made Fleta and her mother happy, had I not plunged another family into misery ?

CHAPTER XXX.

This is a strange world; I am cut by a man of no character, because he is fearful that I should injure his character.

TIMOTHY returned, and brought me consolation—the bleeding had not re-commenced, and Harcourt was in tolerable spirits. An eminent surgeon had been sent for. “Go again, my dear Timothy, and as you are intimate with Harcourt’s servant, you will be able to find out what they are about.”

Timothy departed, and was absent about an hour, during which I lay on the sofa, and groaned with anguish. When he returned, I knew by his face that his intelligence was favourable.

"All's right," cried Timothy; "no amputation after all. It was only one of the smaller arteries which was severed, and they have taken it up."

I sprang up from the sofa and embraced Timothy, so happy was I with the intelligence, and then I sat down again, and cried like a child. At last I became more composed. I had asked Captain Atkinson to dine with me, and was very glad when he came. He confirmed Timothy's report, and I was so overjoyed, that I sat late at dinner, drinking very freely, and when he again proposed that we should go to the *rouge et noir* table, I did not refuse—on the contrary, flushed with wine, I was anxious to go, and took all the money that I had with me. On our arrival Atkinson played, but finding that he was not fortunate, he very soon left off. As I had followed his game, I also had lost considerably, and he entreated me not to play any more—but *I was a gamester* it appeared, and I would not pay attention to him, and did not

quit the table until I had lost every shilling in my pocket. I left the house in no very good humour, and Atkinson, who had waited for me, accompanied me home.

“Newland,” said he, “I don’t know what you may think of me—you may have heard that I’m a *roué*, &c. &c. &c., but this I always do, which is, caution those who are gamesters from their hearts. I have watched you to-night, and I tell you, that you will be ruined if you continue to frequent that table. You have no command over yourself. I do not know what your means may be, but this I do know, that if you were a Cræsus, you would be a beggar. I cared nothing for you while you were the Mr. Newland, the admired, and leader of the fashion, but I felt for you when I heard that you were scouted from society, merely because it was found out that you were not so rich as you were supposed to be. I had a fellow feeling, as I told you. I did not make your acquaintance to win your money—I can win as much

as I wish from the scoundrels who keep the tables, or from those who would not scruple to plunder others; and I now entreat you not to return to that place—and am sorry, very sorry, that ever I took you there. To me, the excitement is nothing—to you, it is overpowering. You are a gamester, or rather, you have it in your disposition. Take, therefore, the advice of a friend, if I may so call myself, and do not go there again. I hope you are not seriously inconvenienced by what you have lost to-night.”

“Not the least,” replied I. “It was ready money. I thank you for your advice, and will follow it. I have been a fool to-night, and one folly is sufficient.”

Atkinson then left me. I had lost about two hundred and fifty pounds, which included my winnings of the night before. I was annoyed at it, but I thought of Harcourt’s safety, and felt indifferent. The reader may recollect, that I had three thousand pounds, which Mr.

Masterton had offered to put out at mortgage for me, but until he could find an opportunity, by his advice I had bought stock in the three per cents. Since that he had not succeeded, as mortgages in general are for larger sums, and it had therefore remained. My rents were not yet due, and I was obliged to have recourse to this money. I therefore went into the city, ordered the broker to sell out two hundred pounds, intending to replace it as soon as I could—for I would not have liked that Mr. Masterton should have known that I had lost money by gambling. When I returned from the city, I found Captain Atkinson in my apartments, waiting for me.

“Harcourt is doing well, and you are not doing badly. I have let all the world know that you intend to call out whoever presumes to treat you with indifference.”

“The devil you have! but that is a threat which may easier be made than followed up by deeds.”

“Shoot two or three more,” replied Atkinson, coolly, “and then, depend upon it, you’ll have it all your own way. As it is, I acknowledge there has been some show of resistance, and they talk of making a resolution not to meet you, on the score of your being an impostor.”

“And a very plausible reason, too,” replied I; “nor do I think I have any right—I am sure I have no intention of doing as you propose. Surely, people have a right to choose their acquaintance, and to cut me, if they think I have done wrong. I am afraid, Captain Atkinson, you have mistaken me; I have punished Harcourt for his conduct towards me—deserved punishment. I had claims on him; but I have not upon the hundreds, whom, when in the zenith of my popularity, I myself, perhaps, was not over courteous to. I cannot *run the muck* which you propose, nor do I consider that I shall help my character by so doing. I may become notorious, but certainly, I shall

not obtain that species of notoriety which will be of service to me. No, no ; I have done too much, I may say, already ; and, although not so much to blame as the world imagines, yet my own conscience tells me, that by allowing it to suppose that I was what I was not, I have, to say the least, been a party to the fraud, and must take the consequence. My situation now is very unpleasant, and I ought to retire, and, if possible, re-appear with real claims upon the public favour. I have still friends, thank God ! and influential friends. I am offered a writership in India—a commission in the army—or to study the law. Will you favour me with your opinion ?”

“ You pay me a compliment by asking my advice. A writership in India is fourteen years’ transportation, returning with plenty to live on, but no health to enjoy it. In the army you might do well, and moreover, as an officer in the army, none dare refuse to go out with you. At the same time, under your peculiar circum-

stances, I think if you were in a crack regiment you would, in all probability, have to fight one half the mess, and be put in Coventry by the other. You must then exchange on half-pay, and your commission would be a great help to you. As for the law—I'd sooner see a brother of mine in his coffin. There, you have my opinion."

"Not a very encouraging one, at all events," replied I, laughing; "but there is much truth in your observations. To India I will not go, as it will interfere with the great object of my existence."

"And pray, if it be no secret, may I ask what that is?"

"To find out *who is my father*."

Captain Atkinson looked very hard at me. "I more than once," said he, "have thought you a little cracked, but now I perceive you are *mad*—downright *mad*; don't be angry, I couldn't help saying so, and if you wish me to

give you satisfaction, I shall most unwillingly be obliged."

"No, no, Atkinson, I believe you are not very far wrong, and I forgive you—but to proceed. The army, as you say, will give me a position in society, from my profession being that of a gentleman, but as I do not wish to take the advantage which you have suggested from the position, I shrink from putting myself into one which may lead to much mortification. As for the law, although I do not exactly agree with you in your abhorrence of the profession, yet I must say, that I do not like the idea. I have been rendered unfit for it by my life up to the present. But I am permitted to select any other."

"Without wishing to pry into your affairs, have you sufficient to live upon?"

"Yes, in a moderate way; about a younger brother's portion, which will just keep me in gloves, cigars, and eau de cologne."

“ Then take my advice and be *nothing*. The only difference I can see between a gentleman and any body else, is that one is idle and the other works hard. One is a useless, and the other a useful, member of society. Such is the absurdity of the opinions of the world.”

“ Yes, I agree with you, and would prefer being a gentleman in that respect, and do nothing, if they would admit me in every other ; but that they will not do. I am in an unfortunate position.”

“ And will be until your feelings become blunted as mine have been,” replied Atkinson. “ Had you acquiesced in my proposal, you would have done better. As it is, I can be of no use to you ; nay, without intending an affront, I do not know if we ought to be seen together, for your decision not to *fight* your way is rather awkward, as I cannot back one with my *support* who will not do credit to it. Do not be angry at what I say ; you are your own master, and have a right to decide for yourself.

—if you think yourself not so wholly lost as to be able eventually to recover yourself by other means, I do not blame you, as I know it is only from an error in judgment, and not from want of courage.”

“ At present I am, I acknowledge, lost, Captain Atkinson ; but if I succeed in *finding my father*——”

“ Good morning, Newland, good morning,” replied he, hastily. “ I see how it is ; of course we shall be civil to each other when we meet, for I wish you well, but we must not be seen together, or you may injure my character.”

“ Injure *your* character, Captain Atkinson ?”

“ Yes, Mr. Newland, injure my character. I do not mean to say but that there are characters more respectable, but I have *a* character which suits me, and it has the merit of consistency. As you are not prepared, as the Americans say, *to go the whole hog*, we will part good friends, and if I have said any thing to annoy you, I beg your pardon.”

“ Good bye, then, Captain Atkinson ; for the kindness you have shown me I am grateful.” He shook my hand, and walked out of the room. “ And for having thus broken up our acquaintance, more grateful still,” thought I, as he went down stairs.

THE END OF VOL. II

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